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ARARAT,

ON THE SUSQUEHANNA.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWN.

The prisoned winds in the bleak pine woods
Shriek bitterly to the midnight,
Startling the echoes out of sleep,
In the arms of the awful caverns.
The river rolls with a sullen roar
To the eternity of ocean.
The waves fall down and kiss the feet
Of the hills with a yell of laughter.
The long deep bay of the hungry wulf
Climbs from the desolate valleys;
And the night-hawk's scream, like a spear of ice,
Is shivered against the craggy
Precipitous steeps of "Ararat,"
The dark-browed queen of the headlands,
Who stands in her awful majesty
Knee-deep in the frantic river.
That, when the brooks sleep to the stars,
And the summers blow about her,
Lies down at her feet all night and moans
With an under-thrill of madness,
Breaking away in a fiery rage
When the black storm leans above her,
And the zig-zag lightnings, stooping down,
Toy with her shaggy tresses,
And she talks with the tempest face-to-face
In the dialect of the thunder,
Laughing to scorn the jealous wrath
Of the maddened flood beneath her,
While the fierce winds smite with a frenzied joy
The loud harps of the forest,
And the wild rain falls in a passionate swoon
On her bare and stony bosom.

Dark Cleopatra of the hills,
With her stars and purples about her,
She mocks her furious Antony,
The world of warring waters,
And lifts her forehead, crowned sublime
With the wrath of three-score ages,
Flushed with the sunset's generous wine,
Or pale with the sweet moon's kisses,
Above the cloudy palace walls
Of her stormy God of thunder.

Now through the midnight solitudes
The starlight-arrows shiver,
Smiting the buckler of the frost
With a glittering dumb defiance,
Till the hills flash with the broken spears
Of their bright, mysterious anger.

And all alone with my vagrant thoughts
And the invisible Soul of beauty
I watch to-night from a starry crag
The shadows sweep about her,
And hear the crystal arteries throb
Deep in her rugged bosom,
And hear the wild October winds
Reaping her sunset glories,
Whilst all nature [illegible] her marble calm
She giveth not [illegible] shudder,
But—feeling [illegible]
Down in her [illegible] slumbers,
That lurking [illegible] glorious birth
Shall crown the years with beauty—
Strong in her holy motherhood,
She standeth serene and silent.
And I cry, oh, suffering human heart!
I would that thou wert as strong.

I would thou wert as passionless,
Thy fate as still and glorious,
That, lifted from my life's dark cross,
And crowned above all mortal loss,
I too might reign victorious.

PLEASANT GROVE, Oct. 5, 1856.

—*Louisville Journal.*

Original Story.

ELLEN COMPTON.

CHIP OF REVOLUTIONARY TIMES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET,

Author of "The Women of the Revolution," &c.

In the afternoon of a day in March, 1781, two women were riding through a romantic portion of the country on the road to Annapolis. They were armed, and were travelling gear dusty with long journey; yet neither the strength of their jaded horses, nor their own spirits, flagged in the least. Their road had been through the woods of the day, and only the wild forest, or hoary fields overgrown with moss and wastes of pine, with the occasional gleam of running water, varied the scene. Here and there was a rude tavern, or cluster of houses better in appearance than the common huts on the roadside; and occasionally some aristocratic residence appeared, enclosed in a group of old trees, and surrounded by extensive fields. At length the road entered a valley, or rather cleft, the wildness of which was quite startling. The hills rose so abruptly on one side as to form a precipice, on the verge of which pines were rooted, which flung their shadows into the ravine. The play of light and shade through sombre foliage, changing with every wind, was singularly beautiful. A branch of the Severn, so shallow as scarcely to cover the pebbles, murmured along the base of the declivity. Ascending its rocky bed, which resembled a rude stairway, the stream was seen dashing impetuously down the rocks, so small and threadlike, it looked like a streak of white foam on a black ground, while the rest of the wide channel, though bare, was moist with trickling water. On the other side, the channel of a miniature cascade in the face of the cliff, could be seen; the stream which in earlier ages perhaps had roared among these solitudes, diminished to a few scanty drops. A little further on, where there was a bend to the left, the falling of water was heard, and the travellers came unexpectedly upon an amphitheatre of considerable width. The dark rocks were partially covered with dense masses of evergreen foliage, and from the height tumbled a gauze-like sheet of water, dashing down a succession of falls, as if eager to reach the bottom of the dell. Just above their heads another cascade burst out, almost imbedded in trees, and threw itself into a basin, from which by another leap it joined the main stream. No touch of art had changed the wild spot; not a bough had been lopped, not a stone removed, except where the narrow road bordered the little rivulet. Before ascending the hill, the riders stopped to give their horses drink, and look upon the beauty of the scene around them. The younger of the two was first to urge his companion forward.

"We shall hardly reach Annapolis before midnight," he said, "if we linger on the way."

"We are not likely to get there at all to-night, I care for a wetting," returned the other. "Look, how black the clouds are gathering over the brow of yon hill; and the wind, which you hardly felt in the valley, grows keen and strong."

The indications of an approaching storm were indeed not to be mistaken. The pine tops murmured like the surge, and the branches on which the tender leaves were sprouting, rattled ominously as the wind swept through them in fitful gusts. Presently a few large drops, precursors of a violent shower, began to fall. The young men, urging on their horses, had ridden two or three miles further on the road without speaking, when the elder, pointing to one diverging to the right, said,

"The old Shingle Tavern is but half a mile off, yonder, Warrell; we had better turn in till the shower is over. See, it is growing quite dark."

"We shall be at Annapolis in less than two hours if we go on," returned Warrell; "and I have no fear of fresh water spoiling my despatches. Come, Morton, we shall have the better appetite for supper."

"We can sup at the Shingle, and go on with better comfort," persisted Morton. "We need not lose an hour. So, major, come along!"

With a laugh at his friend's dread of a drenching, the young officer signified his consent by following him; and both rode at full speed towards the inn, the light from which, gleaming a welcome through the avenue of oaks, looked very inviting in contrast to the storm now beginning in good earnest to rage around them.

In a few moments they were safely housed, their wet garments drying by a blazing fire of pine knots, and preparations in progress for as comfortable a supper, or dinner, as travellers who had journeyed from the dawn of day without stopping could require. The landlord of the Shingle, a good whig, was absent at the South; but his wife had a large share of his patriotism, and was not likely to see a couple of merry young officers, who were Americans, too, want for a hearty welcome. Although she did not appear in person to receive them, her care was evident in the provisions for their entertainment, and in the rapidity with which, knowing that they were in haste to depart as soon as the storm was over, she had every thing in readiness.

"And now let us arrange our plans a little," said Morton, as they discussed somewhat leisurely a glass of hot punch after supper, the rain breaking the while more furiously than ever against the windows. "First, we must await the return of the marquis to Annapolis."

"I trust he will come in the van of the French frigates. But were it not as well to take a boat and go to join him? I should like to be one of the first to throw up my cap when the French fleet is seen coming into the harbor. If I am not mistaken, it will not be long before the traitor Arnold will be glad to march back to New York as fast as possible."

By way of explanation it may be necessary to say briefly, that after Arnold, in command of the British forces, had returned from his ravaging excursion up James River, and retired to his station at Portsmouth, Washington had instructed Lafayette to take the command of a detachment of troops, to act in concert with the vessels under the command of M. Destouches, and proceed to Hampton to intercept, and if possible, capture the traitor. The marquis had brought his force by water from Head of Elk to Annapolis, and had gone himself in an open canoe to join Steuben, and accelerate the preparations for the attack on Arnold in Portsmouth. The French commander appointed to join this spirited enterprise, had left Rhode Island, and was expected to convoy the American army from their station. Major Warrell, a young officer high in the confidence of Washington, had been despatched from headquarters with a letter to Lafayette, and had been joined on the way by Morton, who was returning to Annapolis after a brief absence.

"If fortune would now be propitious to us two," pursued Morton, laughing, "we might even on this dark night rival Captain Otterson's exploit."

"What was that?"

"You have not heard of it? Why, I have laughed myself hoarse a dozen times at the recollection. This Otterson, you must know, was on his way to join Morgan at the Cowpens, just before the battle, with a few badly mounted volunteers. As he came up, the action had begun, and he halted his men near a cross-road, which he knew the enemy would take on their retreat, waiting to capture prisoners if they were defeated, or rescue the whigs they might carry off, if victorious. It was not long before a considerable body of British horse was discovered coming at full speed down the road, evidently in disordered flight. Our brave captain proposed following them; but only one man would agree to join him. He was put on the best horse, and on they pushed in in pursuit, keeping up in the rear till dusk. When it was quite dark they came closer, and presently dashed into their midst, shouting, firing, and calling on them to surrender. This the fellows did without loss of time."

"What—to two soldiers?"

"The darkness prevented their seeing who had surprised them. At their captors' bidding they dismounted, came forward, and delivered up their arms. Not till they were secured, and a light struck, did their officer discover the trick. The thirty troopers were marched into North Carolina by Otterson and his companion, and delivered at head-quarters; but I warrant me, in the days they took to do this, the two brave men had no sleep."

"Brave fellows, indeed! But if we were to emulate their enterprise, we should be more likely to have the luck of Bradley, whom Tarleton captured by stratagem, passing himself off for Colonel Washington. Bradley, suspecting no cheat, told him all his views and plans against the enemy, gave him entertainment, and then at Tarleton's request, guided him to a place in the neighborhood, thinking no evil till he came in full view of the British army. This piece of folly he expiated in Camden jail, as you may have heard."

"Oh, yes! and how the poor man was often carted to the gallows to see his comrades hanged. They would have strung him up, too, but that he had friends in Marion's Brigade, who would have well revenged him! As it is, I know not if he is yet out of jail."

It might have seemed that fortune was determined to grant the opportunity wished for by Morton; for their conversation was presently interrupted by the hurried trampling of horses, followed by a clamor of many voices, shouting and swearing—just without the door. They had no time even to conjecture who the intruders might be, or what was most prudent for themselves under the circumstances; the party entered unceremoniously, in evident confusion and haste to escape the storm; and the loud talking, laughter, and rough oaths of the soldiers were heard, it seemed, from every part of the house at once. The door of the room where our two friends sat was rudely pushed open, and five or six rushed in, but started back at the unexpected sight of the officers, who had watched their arms, and were standing in an attitude of defence, ready to meet their enemies; for such at a glance they saw the newly arrived guests to be.

"The first who comes nearer, by a step only, is a dead man!" cried Warrell.

"Ho, ho! what have we here?" exclaimed one of the soldiers, "a couple of rebels, supping at their ease like gentlemen. Come, come, my boys, put up your pistols; 'tis of no use; we are a dozen to one! Surrender!"

"Never—to the followers of a traitor!" answered the young men.

"We shall see that!" Others came forward, attracted by the noise. "Shoot them down!" cried one, apparently an officer; and the order was followed by the simultaneous raising of a dozen muskets; when a female shriek was heard, and a woman, forcing her way through, boldly placed herself between the weapons and the intended victims.

"Would you do murder?" she exclaimed. "For shame! twenty of you against two!"

"Let the obstinate dogs give up their weapons!" said the tory.

"No need of throwing away your lives!" cried the landlady, approaching the determined pair, who still stood as if bent on resistance. "Surrender; and I may find means to help you afterwards," she whispered.

There was no further possibility of choice; for her interference, putting them for an instant off their guard, gave opportunity to the assailants to rush forward and wrest the weapons from their hands, and they were already prisoners. The taking away of their arms, binding, and conducting them to a small upper room, where they were left under the guard of a stout soldier who took his place outside the door—was the work but of a few moments.

While the party of British and tories was feasting and carousing below, the reflections of our two friends were anything but agreeable. What was to become of the letter, which, though not yet found, would certainly be seized on the morrow when they were examined! As for themselves, they had but to expect to be taken to Arnold's quarters, and thence to prison or the gibbet, as he might please. They were brave enough to defy fate for themselves; but the instructions of the commander-in-chief! "Arnold shall not have them—at all events!" muttered Charles Warrell; and walking across the room to where a small lamp stood on the shelf, he applied one end of the packet he had drawn from his bosom to the flame.

"What are you about?" cried Morton, snatching the paper from his hand, and crushing out the flame. "Not so fast! all is not desperate yet. You heard what the woman said?"

"She can no more help us than we can help ourselves. No, Morton; this is our only chance to burn the packet; to-morrow it will be too late. Give it to me."

"Not for a couple of hours at least! A pretty box we are in, to be sure; but let us think of some way of escape. Since they have had the grace to leave us a light, 'tis an easy matter to burn the rope in two. Let me manage it for you; and you shall help me. There! Now, is there no window? What a dismal hole, with no inlet for the air; yet there must be some crevice, for I feel it blowing fresh, just here."

"Suppose we rush upon the man without, and then cut our way through the rest below! They must be dead drunk—half of them, by this time!"

"You forget the door is locked, and the key on the outside! And we without arms! Heigho! it is an ugly business. Hark! what is that noise just outside?"

They heard whispering voices, presently drowned in the clamor of the men at supper. The prisoners were silent; despair was beginning to creep over them. At length Warrell was about to speak, when his companion touched his arm with a gesture calling attention. The lock was turned cautiously, and the door slowly opened; while the noise of the soldiers was heard more distinctly. Some one stepped in, and closed the door. It was a soldier in the British uniform. He made a gesture enjoining silence.

"This key," he whispered, reaching one to Warrell, "opens a closet on that side. Then you will find steps leading through a trap-door to the roof, and a friendly tree by which you can get to the ground. Your horses are in the edge of the woods. Go—you have not a moment to lose."

"And who are you, to whom we owe so much?" asked Warrell, while Morton was making use of the key.

"No matter now; you may learn one of these days. Be off! I have only taken the guard's place while he gets his supper. Here are pistols for you."

Warrell offered him his purse, which he declined, and going out quickly locked the door. The prisoners lost no time in opening the closet, and climbing the ladder, were in a few minutes descending the tree, the boughs of which stretched over one end of the building. Their flight was favored by the darkness and rain; and brief was the time that elapsed before they were riding at full speed in the direction of Annapolis, not stopping even long enough to express their wonder at their strange adventure, or to conjecture who the unknown friend could be, who had so unexpectedly brought them deliverance.

A small but brilliant party of guests was assembled at the house of Mr. Billingham, in Annapolis, on the following evening. The mansion stood nearly a mile from the populous part of the town, a short distance from the road, and shaded from view by spreading oaks and majestic elms. Its orchards and gardens made it an attractive resort in the warm season, and its hospitable owner had often welcomed to its retreat during years past, American officers on their way between the northern and southern posts of the army; occasionally, too, entertaining visitors of the opposite party; whig residents being often constrained to treat. Mr. Billingham was a "Virginia gentleman of the old stock;" priding himself somewhat on his descent from Huguenots who settled in North Carolina, and on having lived from childhood on his patrimonial estate. A long course of ill health had prevented his giving necessary attention to the improvement of his property, or his engaging in public service. The devastations of war, which had swept over the land, had not spared his possessions; and difficulties growing out of a disastrous season, added to his cares, had so seriously impaired his health, that his family, in hopes that he might find benefit from change of scene, had thought it best, in spite of the unsettled state of the times, to pass the summer in the country near Philadelphia. They returned late in the autumn to their home; the invalid being much improved, and the spirits of the wife and daughter refreshed by the change. Julia had been the belle of every circle, in the country or the capital; the admired, envied and criticised of all observers; and conscious of beauty unrivalled, she received all homage as her due. It was a perpetual amusement to her to notice the sensation her appearance always created, to accept or scorn the adulation offered her, and among her throng of admirers, to elevate now one and then another, by something like a special mark of favor. No one who saw the fair coquette, would have guessed that her faith had already been pledged; to one, too, who cherished her image as something sacred, and suffered no thought disloyal to her to enter his breast.

Charles Warrell had not confided to his friend the reason why he rejoiced in the mission that brought him to Annapolis; nor the chief cause of his anxiety to lose no time in reaching his destination. But none could have questioned it, who saw him standing now in the midst of a circle around the beautiful Miss Billingham. Never had she looked more radiant in beauty. Her flowing satin drapery set off to advantage a figure majestic as well as graceful, and the beauty of her face was of that striking, haughty cast, which at once challenges admiration. The features were faultless in outline, and the complexion, rich, clear and blooming, was contrasted with massive folds of dark hair, wreathed with a light tracery of flowers, and parted over a low, Grecian forehead. The eyes, large, dark, and fringed with long, black lashes, gave her countenance a character of oriental splendor; so full of fascination were they, and so skilful seemed their possessor in the power of using them with the utmost effect. Yet there was a flashing scorn in them, when aught displeased the beauty for a moment, which rather repelled than attracted; and the major saw this expression more than once while he was relating the particulars of his adventure of the preceding night to the circle of listeners. He was at a loss to divine its meaning; for how could he suspect one so beautiful of feeling as a slight to her own charms, a momentary withdrawal of the general attention from herself.

The dance was over; and while the company walked through the rooms, the major drew his fair partner into the library, where they were alone. It was so delightful to talk over their meetings in months past, and what had occurred since their parting! Julia listened with a forced attention; in truth she was less pleased with this mode of testifying a lover's rapture than if Charles had thrown himself at her feet and poured out flatteries. Letting go his arm, she threw herself on a sofa, yawned languidly, and, stretching out her gloved hand, touched a silver bell on a stand near her. It was answered by the entrance of a young girl, very simply dressed, but of appearance so graceful and prepossessing, that the young officer involuntarily rose, as if to offer her the civility of a salutation.

Julia burst into a laugh, which, merry and musical as it was, grated on the ears of her lover.

"Oh, sir, you need not waste your courtesy," she said, sarcastically. "'Tis only my maid.—Ellen, bring me a glass of water."

Warrell saw that the girl's pale cheek flushed as she turned to go out, and he also blushed for the heartless speech of his beautiful mistress. Yet she could not have meant to give pain! She seemed to feel that she had spoken hastily; for, turning to her lover with a winning expression of frank interest, she began to question him concerning his singular escape, confessing that she had not half attended to the account he had given to the company.

"And you had no idea who the man was who so unexpectedly came to your help?" she asked.

"Not the least. He was one of the party, but did not seem to be a Briton. Probably he was a refugee. His face was perfectly strange to me."

"What sort of a looking man?"

"A very tall man, of powerful frame, with dark, curling hair and moustaches, and a frank, honest face, but for which I should have suspected he was leading us into some trap. He said we might one day learn who he was. I should know him again wherever I saw him, and mean to be on a sharp look-out: so that, if he has any motive for disguise—"

While speaking, Warrell perceived that the young girl had re-entered, carrying a glass of water on a small silver tray: and that she was listening intently to his words. Her hands trembled so violently that the glass clattered, and at that instant fell from the tray to the floor, drenching a portion of Miss Billingham's flowing train. The young lady started up, her perfect features wearing, for the moment, the expression of a fury, and burst into harsh invectives against the poor girl, who, kneeling at her feet, was striving to mend the mischief by wiping the water from the unfortunate satin. In the momentary glance, Warrell could not help observing the delicate beauty of her face. Her light brown hair was parted in soft, glossy waves across her brow, and simply knotted behind; her complexion was exquisitely fair, and there was an appearance of child-like humility, dependence, and helplessness in her fragile, bending form, that strongly appealed to the feelings. Charles endeavored to plead her excuse with Julia; but his intercession only angered her the more.

"Let the dress alone!" she exclaimed, petulantly. "Begone, and do not dare to appear in my presence again to-night!"

The girl silently withdrew; and Warrell saw, as she rose, that tears were streaming down her cheeks. After helping her to smooth the dress she protested was spoiled by her maid's carelessness, he led her back to the drawing-room, where the company was beginning to separate, and soon after took his leave, his heart too full of sadness for the downfall of his idol from the throne to which fancy had elevated her, to wonder at the little incident by means of which his eyes had been opened to the real heartlessness of her character.

While passing through the hall, he saw Ellen, who came forward, as if to open the door for him. She evidently wished to speak, for her face was full of eager expression; but apparently she was restrained by embarrassment, and, with a slight bow, she turned back. Warrell called to her, and, holding out his hand, tried to press into hers a piece of gold. She started back quickly.

"Oh, no, sir!" she exclaimed, refusing it, "indeed, I cannot take it! It was not that; I wanted to—to—"

"What, my girl? You seem perplexed or troubled. Can I help you? Do not be afraid to trust me."

"I thank you, sir; I have no need—of help," she answered, and turned away, as if she had resolved, on second thought, not to speak.

The major thought her rather strange. He had already been informed that she was a poor girl, who, to support an aged grandmother, had consented to enter into service as Miss Billingham's attendant, soon after her return from the capital.

On the following day Major Warrell was sent in command of a scouting party many miles into the country: for it was suspected that a considerable body of the enemy were entrenched within at least a day's march of the town, and rumors of the intended advance of Cornwallis from the South had struck terror into the inhabitants. It was nearly sunset when they returned. The road, following the course of the stream, wound at the base of a range of hills, while the thick bushes that skirted the bank rendered their progress somewhat inconvenient. Before them lay a thick copse, through which they were to pass, and one of the party insisted that he saw the gleam of a red-coat among the bushes. The major answered by spurring his own horse forward, and was closely followed by the rest. The soldier had not been mistaken; a small party of British had been reconnoitering the neighborhood, and were on their way back. A skirmish ensued, which ended in the disorderly flight of the enemy, leaving two of their number wounded on the ground. The fugitives were pursued a mile or two, but Warrell did not judge it of so much importance to secure them, as to avail himself, without delay, of the knowledge gained of their proximity. When they entered the town he gave orders that the prisoners should be placed in security, and have proper medical assistance, and leaving his men, rode on alone to the quarters of the officer who commanded in the absence of Lafayette. He had not gone far, before he noticed a man walking rapidly some distance in advance, whose air and figure seemed not unfamiliar to him. He thought he observed that he kept in the shadow as much as possible, appearing sometimes to go out of his way to avail himself of the shelter of the trees. His cap was pulled down over his brows, and his cloak wrapped closely around him. As he came to a cluster of trees in front of a small house, he stopped and looked around, as if waiting for some one besides the few passers-by, who took no notice of him. He went in at the gate, and in a few minutes returned, accompanied by a female figure, wrapped in a shawl, who stood and conversed with him earnestly, and as they were about to part, put a small package into his hand. Warrell, whose suspicions had been aroused by a certain appearance of caution in the manner of both, continued to observe them; but, at length, persuaded that the meeting had no significance worth the trouble of investigation, he urged his horse forward to pass them. As he did so, both started, looked up, and were recognized by him; the man for the soldier who had so strangely liberated him at the Shingle Tavern; the female for Ellen, Miss Billingham's maid.

A slight cry escaped from Ellen, and she touched the man's arm, as if urging him to fly. He leaned towards her, and whispered something; then turning away, hurried off, mounted a horse that Warrell now perceived had been standing at the corner of the street, and was almost out of sight before the major had made up his mind to pursue him. Just after he mounted, he looked back, and waved his hand with mock courtesy in token of adieu; a gesture provoking enough, but in the increasing darkness pursuit would have been folly, as there could be no doubt he had comrades at hand. Warrell felt more interested in unravelling the mystery of his clandestine meeting with Ellen. Having paid his visit to the quarters of his officer, communicated all he had been able to discover, and taken leave, he hastened to the house of Mr. Billingham.

It was a matter of some delicacy how to proceed. He had seen enough to more than justify suspicion that Ellen secretly held intercourse with the enemy: but he had as yet no certainty that the subject of her communications was of a dangerous character. How, then, should he bring down upon the poor girl the anger of her imperious mistress, and cause her abrupt dismissal from the house; perhaps plunge her into distress and destitution? Yet, if he said nothing of what he had seen, should he not become a party to the treachery which might, for aught he knew, involve the safety of many? He resolved to see Ellen alone, speak with her, and inquire the cause of her strange conduct; yet to be careful not to awaken suspicion against her, by his inquiries at the house. He managed the matter so adroitly, that neither Miss Billingham nor her parents were startled by his mentioning that he had seen Ellen at the gate of a house in the suburbs of the town; nor by his inquiry where she could have gone so late in the afternoon.

"She must have been at her grandmother's," said Julia, carelessly; "she is often permitted to go there, and the old woman has been very ill for a few days past."

Here was sufficient explanation—had not Warrell recognized her companion for a tory soldier. As soon as he could get away, he bade the family good-evening, leaving his affianced bride not a little offended by reason of his abstracted manner and early departure, and firmly resolved to make him feel her vengeance ere long for having thus slighted the power of her attractions.

Warrell lost no time in making his way to the house at the gate of which he had seen the loyalist. It was now late, and the streets were dark; so that it was not without difficulty and wanderings in cross directions that he was able to identify the place. At length he found the gate, and entered. A light was burning within; the door was unfastened; and after knocking twice without seeing any one, he opened it, and passed through a narrow entry into the apartment lighted by the lamp. Here an unexpected scene presented itself. (CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

A CIRCASSIAN HERO.

In Bell's Residence in Circassia, a book which was written several years ago, we find the following interesting description of a Circassian chieftain:

"In short, Tchorook Ogiu Tongouse, or 'the Wolf,' was a good model of the Circassian *preux chevalier*, altogether *sans peur* if not *sans reproche*. Whatever enterprise was in hand, were it foray, onslaught, or ambuscade, he for one might be depended upon; if wrongs were to be redressed—individual, provincial, or national—Tongouse was invariably the champion. When certain of the Caucasian provinces had made separate terms with Russia, he was the first, by his successful inroads, to make them repent of their apostacy. His name had spread even as far as the Ingouches, whose children 'the Wolf' had more than once carried off from them.

"Such celebrity in a man yet scarcely in his prime had produced its natural effects on the ladies of the Caucasus, and he had more claims on his heart than even the Mahomedan dispensation indulgent as it is, could allow him to do justice to. The consequence was, that his decided disposition to please led him into many scrapes, and the fines he had drawn on himself and his tribe would, if they had all been duly paid, have stocked half the estates in Natukritch with horned cattle. The only remedy for these disorders was, that he should take to himself a wife or two; and as the ample patrimony he inherited no longer sufficed for it, the purchase money was cheerfully, and from motives of economy, contributed by his tribe. He accordingly married two wives. The first, the most beautiful, and the second the most accomplished woman in Circassia.

"His success in the former created no surprise. Beauty and bravery have mutual attractions all the world over; the one being held to be the legitimate meed of the other. But that Guaycha, the discreet and sately daughter of Indar Ogin, should throw herself away on such a scapegrace as Tongouse did excite the special wonder, and the no small indignation of her tribe and family. The hand of a princess possessing the manual dexterity of Guaycha—unrivalled in the works of the loom and needle—had been eagerly sought by the wisest and the wealthiest nobles of the land. But wealth and wisdom seemed to make little impression on her; and the fastidious princess, conscious perhaps, that her charms were of a durable nature, was in no haste to make a selection. But her mind was at length made up, and that somewhat suddenly, being one fine morning nowhere to be found in the paternal domains of Pchat, having been transferred by moonlight on the crupper of his steed to the harem of Tongouse, at Tedjagux.

"To portray the person and equipment of this barbarous Lovelace, (a very appropriate name by the way for a Circassian gallant, who is garnished all over with silver trimmings,) would entirely baffle my feeble powers of description. As far as the habiliments are concerned, it would be impossible to convey any definite idea, for the simple reason that they were never for two days together the same—in casque, mail, and gloves of steel, gallantly armed, at one time—at another he was undefended, not only against the enemy, but even against the weather, by a threadbare tunic; now, girt with bow and quiver, and now bristling with rifle, dagger, and pistol. At one moment clad in a gay silk anteri, and a coat resplendent with the silver lace aforesaid—the next he was covered with rags. To-day he would meet you on a superb white charger, richly caparisoned—to-morrow you would see him worse mounted than the Knight of the Rueful Countenance himself. Now all these transmutations, which a stranger might unjustly charge to caprice, where in the eyes of the admiring Dely Canns but so many proofs of a brave and liberal spirit. Accoutrements, arms, horses and slaves themselves, are things which such a hero is proud to part with—for it is presumed to be a proof that his valor can easily replace them. But though in his outward man the Proteus I have attempted to delineate, there were qualities about Tongouse which he could not change with his coat. For example—however he might be dressed, I never knew him to stand less than six feet three inches in his shoes; and whether in shirt or steel or of Bex, the formidable play of his muscles was the same. Indeed, with regard to the latter, being much addicted to frolics and practical jokes, such as flooring, unhorsing, and riding down his companions, the vigor they exhibited was by many of them deemed even superfluous; whence it was said that the only fit playfellow for Tongouse was his horse; a saying, in a great measure, justified by the terms in which they lived, taking liberties with each other which none but the most intimate friends would venture upon."

☞ The editor of a Western paper having lent his axe to one of his subscribers, the borrower unfortunately broke off the handle. On returning it, the man said, "You can easily get it fixed." "Yes," replied the editor, "but that will cost at least a quarter of a dollar. "Well," rejoined the borrower, "if you ain't rather small for an editor. Here's the quarter; but I'll thank you to stop my paper at once."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1856.

All the Contents of the Post are Set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the Post are $2 a year, if paid in advance—$2.50, if not paid in advance. For $5, IN ADVANCE one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent to the city to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

Four Copies, - - - - - - - $5.00 a year.
Eight " (and one to the getter up of Club,) 10.00 "
Thirteen (and one to the getter up of Club,) 15.00 "
Twenty, (and one to the getter up of Club,) 20.00 "

Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DELINEATOR, a correspondent at Jefferson, Missouri, sends us a pressing invitation to visit the West next Spring. Thank you, sir: nothing would give us greater pleasure. We hope to be able at no very distant period, to turn our faces to the sunset, and commence a tour among our Western friends.

A correspondent writes us, suggesting the publication of the solutions of our algebraical and arithmetical problems. To do so would occupy much space which we can fill with more acceptable matter.

A correspondent asks how the starch is prepared that gives the shirts for sale at furnishing stores, such a peculiar, glossy polish. We published a receipt some months ago, that purported to do this, but we know not how it succeeded. Can any of our readers give us a proved receipt?

THE COMING YEAR.

For the information of strangers who may chance to see this number of the POST, we may state that arrangements have been made with the following distinguished writers for contributions during the coming year (1857):—

WILLIAM HOWITT, (OF ENGLAND,) ALICE CARY, T. S. ARTHUR, MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, MRS. M. A. DENISON, The Author of "AN EXTRA-JUDICIAL STATEMENT," The Author of "ZILLAH, THE CHILD MEDIUM," &c., &c.

We design commencing, in the first number of January next, the following Original Novelet:—

TALLENGETTA;
OR,
THE SQUATTER'S HOME.

By WILLIAM HOWITT, Author of "Rural Life in England," "Homes of the Poets," &c.

This is a story of Australian Life, Mr. Howitt having visited Australia expressly with the object of acquainting himself with the novel and romantic objects under which Nature and Society present themselves in that singular region.

The following Novelets will then be given, though probably not in the exact order here mentioned:—

THE STORY OF A COUNTRY GIRL.

By ALICE CARY. An Original Novelet, written expressly for the Post.

THE WITHERED HEART.

An Original Novelet, written expressly for the Post, by T. S. ARTHUR.

LIGHTHOUSE ISLAND.

An Original Novelet, by the author of "My Confession," "Zillah; The Child Medium," &c.

THE QUAKER'S PROTEGE,

An Original Novelet, written for the Post by MRS. MARY A. DENISON, author of "Mark, the Sexton," "Home Pictures," &c.

THE RAID OF BURGUNDY.

A TALE OF THE SWISS CANTONS. By AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, author of "The Last of the Wilderness," &c., &c.

We have also the promise of a SHORT AND CONDENSED

NOVELET BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

to run through about six or eight numbers of the Post.

In addition to the above list of contributions, we design continuing the usual amount of FOREIGN LETTERS, ORIGINAL SKETCHES, CHOICE SELECTIONS from all sources, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, GENERAL NEWS, HUMOROUS ANECDOTES, ENGRAVINGS, View of the PRODUCE AND STOCK MARKETS, THE PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKET, BANK NOTE LIST, &c. For terms, see the head of this column.

SUGAR.

The recent high price of sugar has led to various propositions for an abrogation of the duty upon it, which is thirty per cent. ad valorem. The duty being levied upon the entire consumption, amounts to nearly twelve millions of dollars. If there was no duty, and the foreign price the same, sugars which we now pay twelve and nine cents for, would be about nine and seven cents. But so far as the sugar of Cuba is concerned—our principal supply—an export duty is charged in Cuba, which is said to be regulated by the prices in the United States—so that the abrogation of our duty would simply increase the Spanish duty, and give Spain, and not the American consumer, the advantage. Mr. Guthrie, Secretary of the Treasury, is said to be in favor of the abolition of the duty, if an arrangement can be made with Spain either to do away with her export duty entirely, or make that duty specific. Sugar has become nowadays an article of such universal use, that it may be more properly termed a necessity than a luxury; and therefore the increase of price bears heavily upon the great bulk of the people. If, however, there be a reasonable prospect of supplying the country in a few years from the domestic manufacture of the juice of the Chinese Sugar Cane, the present high prices would certainly conduce to the more speedy realization of so highly desirable a result.

THE GREAT AFRICAN LAKE NOWHERE.—The vast fresh water lake recently reported to exist in the interior of Africa, turns out to be a small one, about twenty miles across, and not fresh at all.

HUMBUG.

We have known aged men, who would give it as the explanation of the success of various schemes of deception and fraud, that "*the people like to be humbugged.*" Such was their conviction, derived from a long experience in business; and many, of more limited experience, and of a more hopeful faith, are almost tempted occasionally to come to the same conclusion, "*the people like to be humbugged.*" When we see the masses biting again and again, like silly trout, at the merest pretences of bait—hooked perhaps one day, but as ready for a fresh hook the next—we cannot wonder that men with more love of money than of the truth, should come to the conclusion that even the victims relish the game, and resolve to enroll themselves in the ranks of the unscrupulous anglers.

In the course of our own business, we have seen repeated examples of this. It is a very easy thing, for instance, to publish *one* number of a weekly paper or magazine; it is not a difficult thing, for a man with a rather slack conscience, to write and have printed a Prospectus, full of the most extravagant promises, to be performed at the most impossible rates; and neither is it very difficult to distribute copies of said paper or magazine and prospectus through the length and breadth of the land, by means of the post-office department. Thus the hook is baited—and now comes the turn of the trout. Mr. B. has been taking for several years, a paper or magazine of a well-known, firmly established character. He is very well satisfied with it. If he would go into a few estimates relative thereto, he would find great cause to wonder how so much reading matter could be afforded at so low a price—and, if he knew what the publishers know, would see that only a very large circulation, and the ability to make their purchases for cash, enable their periodical to be so cheaply issued. But B. gazes at the promises of the new Prospectus, and deliberately resolves to abandon an old and tried friend for this new and impossible attraction. He sends on his money—joined perhaps to that of a number of his neighbors—to Humbugem & Co., and eagerly awaits the arrival of the new periodical. Perhaps it never comes—perhaps it comes for a while, and then all traces disappear both of it and its publishers. If the thing is a downright and absolute swindle, the first is generally the case; if it is only that kind of "operation" which results from the holding of the doctrine, "well I cannot lose anything, and may perhaps establish a profitable periodical," then the latter generally will be the experience. It is probable however that B., instead of blaming his own cupidity and greenness, which led him to bite at the hook, will indulge himself in a tirade upon publishers generally.

A year or two ago, the common plan of the experimenters upon human credulity, was to combine with their periodicals great offers in the lottery gift line. Hundreds of thousands of dollars in gifts were nothing in the imaginations of these inventive but needy geniuses. One would have thought that they counted too much upon the folly of the greedy public—but the facts proved that they knew human nature very well. Then began the era of Inquiries, which our contemporaries of the established press will remember. Certain gentlemen, as verdant as their own fields, who had invested a dollar—one "*almighty* dollar," as they evidently considered it—so that it was to produce not only a large newspaper weekly through the year, but a gold pencil, a gold watch, a stylish mansion in New York, or a valuable farm in New Jersey, became very solicitous to know why these articles, or some one of them at least, never came to hand. We always answered in the most respectful manner, professing our utter inability to enlighten them. One of our contemporaries, however, more frank though less polite, used regularly to reply with a ringing of the changes upon the old maxim that "a fool and his money are soon parted."

In concluding this article, we may be allowed to say, that there is no margin at the present low prices of newspapers and magazines to allow for anything which amounts, in fact, to a still greater reduction of prices. Only a very large circulation can make even the present prices profitable. The indications are, that, especially in reference to club subscribers, the next movement will have to be an upward one. When it is considered that nearly everything else has risen in value during the last ten years, it must be seen that nothing but the keenest competition could have made newspapers an exception. Certainly no reasonable man would grudge the publisher the petty price now paid for newspapers and magazines, or think it an object of serious complaint if he had to obtain the yearly literature and news he now enjoys a few dimes dearer.

AN EXPLANATION.—A New York paper recently said:—

"Only a few days since, a modern chemist took a thousand dollars in gold eagles, and put them through the crucible; the next day he deposited the bullion in an assay office, and the day after received a 'bar' marked $1,060."

The plain English of this is—"Some other metallic substance can be combined with gold, and such combination will stand the assay tests of our mints."

The Director of the Mint in this city, Mr. Snowden, states in reference to the above, that no such experiment has been made as represented, and that it is believed no metallic compound can resist the tests used. He is willing however to make the experiment upon any sample furnished him, for the satisfaction of the public.

As to making $1,060 out of $1,000, that has often been done where the coins operated upon were coined previously to 1834. The act of Congress of June 28, 1834, so far changed the standard of the gold coinage as to make $1,000 of the previous coinage worth, as bullion, $1,062 50; which is a little beyond the result "the modern chemist" attained, and which is thought, in some quarters, to be so remarkable.

MORE SWARTWOUTING.—It will be noticed that the swartwouting spirit is still displaying itself in the monetary circles of New York. This city, too, is not entirely free from it—though there is not the same tendency to rush everything into print in the Quaker City as there is in Gotham.

Well, who can wonder, when private honors are paid to living *successful* stock gamblers, and public honors to the successful dead! For instance, when the news came that the *great* Swartwout himself had departed from the land of the living—he who, as Collector of the Port of New York, was a defaulter to the amount of a million and a-half of dollars—the United States *revenue* flag in that city was lowered to half-mast, "*in respect to his memory!*" With such honors paid by the chief sufferer to the great head of the "absquatulating" fraternity, who can wonder that before a month had elapsed there were several imitators of his example!

STATE POULTRY SOCIETY.—The exhibition of the Pennsylvania Poultry Society commences at National Hall, Market above Twelfth street, on Dec. 23rd, and continues to the 27th. A fine show may be expected.

PLAGIARISM.

Here is a palpable instance of plagiarism. Hippocrates writes: "Art is long, life is short, opportunity fleeting, experience deceptive, and judgment difficult." Whether others have appropriated the rest of the sad aphorism of "the old man of Cos," we know not; but a part of it at least we find in Hayward's translation of Goethe's *Faust*, where it reads "Art is long, life is short"—the same idea as that of the first portion of the Greek sage's sentence, and expressed in translation, as it happens, in the same words. Then, we read in Longfellow's "Psalm of Life," (which, by the way, is a perfect mosaic of plagiarisms,) "Art is long, and life is fleeting." What other transmigrations the Greek aphorism has been made to undergo, we know not; indeed we are no longer sure that Hippocrates himself did not steal it from somebody else—the rarest thing under the sun being a new idea. Originality would seem to be, like the diamond among the precious stones, one of the most scarce as it is one of the most valuable of the literary virtues. The stock of the world's ideas is old and small. Only once in an age a new notion is added. We vary the expression of the old ones every now and then, thus renewing their force by altering their form, very much as the lapidary by recutting, and the jeweller by resetting, revive the brilliancy and effect of antique jewels; and in both cases, the intrinsic value and the actual identity remain the same. Man is a very conservative animal. He naturally retains rather than discovers. The inventor is your true natural radical—like the inquirer whom Dickens with such happy satire makes his Circumlocution Office official in "Little Dorrit," describe—"a ferocious radical—wants to know, you know!"—and the inventor is always in a minority—often a minority of one. The natural conservatism of the race frowns upon him. This is the history of all the new lights that have arisen in every department of human life, or ever will arise. We are prone to look upon new truths and facts as innovations. We hold on jealously to what we have, and behave as if we never wanted to receive any more. All new benefits are absolutely forced upon us; all new ideas resolutely suspected and vigorously maltreated. It is quite as much so in literature as in anything else. What scorn and ridicule are showered upon the newest philosophies—Kant, Cousin, Emerson, Fourier; how we berate the newest poetry—Shelley, Keats, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Browning. The veteran turns away with dissatisfaction from Dickens, Thackeray, Bulwer, and sighs back again to Walter Scott and Mrs. Radcliffe. We cling uxoriously to the old ways of thinking and to the old thoughts, turning them over in our memories, and distrusting those who explore for new in the fresh life and influx of to-day. The very jokes we crack, date back, some of them to Aristophanes and Plautus; almost all to at least centuries ago. The mass of the literature of every century repeats the literature of the century previous, only varying the combinations and forms. The books of every generation are a series of echoes, awakened by some grand primal voices—Plato, Homer, Eschylus, Dante, Shakspeare, Bacon—and prolonged in varied and weakened reverberations. God gave the race a handful of ideas, and we are content to make a kaleidoscope of them. We turn them and turn them, altering the forms of the combinations, but not changing the materials of our serious toy. Vast subjects for inquiry stretch around us, like strange regions, mystic, odorous, and unexplored; we turn to them with eyes of inert speculation and curious awe, but few venture from the familiar ground to win their secrets. Age after age passes by, and myriads of the multiform race swarm upon earth, and dwindle down to death, but history looking back upon them, sees only one Columbus bold enough to pilot his bark of dreams to the tropic vision of a new continent.—Then how the throng of cavaliers and infidels, splendid in courtly and sacerdotal raiment, anoer for all Spain, when he pushes his adventurous caravel from Palos across the unknown sea, to realize his daring faith on the shores of the Western world! So it is ever. The majority thinks in the beaten ways, nor is it ever convinced into adventurous and independent mentality even by the superb results which bolder and braver spirits bring in from unhackneyed fields.

The consideration of our mental disposition to plagiarism is very curious. Why is it that we are content to deal with what other men have thought—to furbish and form over again their ideas—and not to adventure for ideas of our own? Is it really because we are infected with a vice of coward conservatism, and fear to be original, lest we should prove unwise? Are we truly so inveterately gregarious that we must think as the crowd thinks, or the statesman, or the literati? and are we under the despotism of some prevalent custom, or habit, or opinion, and all of us first cousins to that worthy in the old English play who never dared cock his hat or tie his neckcloth without a warrant from Chief Justice Overdo?

THE LAND OFFICE REPORT.

The Report from the General Land Office is of more than usual length, covering a period of five quarters, ending 30th of September, 1856, and giving full information touching the many and various subjects of its jurisdiction, and all the operations of the land system of the United States, lands sold and otherwise disposed of during the period covered by the Report.

During that period 41,116,396,58 acres of the national domain have been disposed of. The Report recommends a slight modification of the Preemption Laws in order to secure the public lands to the actual settlers under those laws, rather than to sell them in large quantities to speculators, this being the present, and it being desired to make it the permanent, policy of the office.

The public surveys have been pushed with great vigor and activity. They extend over upwards of sixteen millions of acres, more than nine millions being on the Pacific coast. Maps of California, including a complete map of the State, have been prepared.

The surveys in Kansas have been actively conducted; in Nebraska, not so rapidly. In New Mexico some progress has been made. In Utah Territory the surveys are in progress, and are to be made into townships and sectional sub-divisions. The extent of field operations embrace between 130 and 140 townships. Attention is drawn to the fact that the limits of the Salt Lake City are greater in extent than the town site laid off in 1844 allows, and it is represented that the public domain in the city and out of its limits, where settled by Mormons, is being conveyed by them to Brigham Young, as trustee, and Congressional interposition is suggested in the matter.

Under the acts of 1849 and 1850, granting the swamps and overflowed lands to the States in which they were situate, 42,628,158 acres have been selected by the States and reported for approval; of which 1,108,451 acres have been contested by individuals, who allege, under oath, that these selections are fraudulent, and the lands not of the character granted by the acts.

The aggregate number of acres allotted for railroad grants, is upwards of thirteen millions. They are divided between Iowa, Florida, Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi, Wisconsin, and Michigan, each receiving a number in proportion to the number of miles of railroad in each.

The attention of the General Land Office has been called to the existence of silver mines in New Mexico by such reliable representations as warrant the commissioner in recommending to Congress to grant authority to make an examination as to the existence and extent of silver and other valuable mineral deposits in that territory.

The explorations recently made by Dr. Evans, in Washington Territory, under the supervision of the General Land Office, discovered coal in abundant supply on Bellingham Bay, in strata reaching a thickness of twenty feet, producing coke in large quantities, and of superior quality for manufacturing purposes.

THE LADIES.

A greater proof could not be desired of the power of female charms, than the fact that even the most abominable fashion soon loses its hideousness from being constantly associated with the idea of fascinating womanhood. Everybody knows how utterly revolting to correct taste are the present hooped skirts; how, as the poet says of vice, they

"To be hated, need but to be seen."

And yet who has not realized also the truth of the after lines,

"But soon too oft, familiar with their face,
We first *endure*, then *pity*, then EMBRACE?"

In this manner we explain the following remarks, which we find in one of our contemporaries:

Against no prevailing fashion has there been so determined and persevering an onset as *hoops*; but the mode remains in favor, notwithstanding; not because our women are defiant and obstinate, but because there is reason in such a circlet. Nothing is more destructive of grace in the form, than the curving inwards of the flowing line of drapery descending from the waist. That part of the figure "small by degrees and beautifully less," is fitly terminated by the fulness of a sweeping robe, to which the improved dimensions of crinoline give majestic effect, adding statelliness to the walk, and that grace to the whole person which is born of the consciousness of being nobly attired. We allow the inconvenience of full skirts in omnibuses, when the masses of silk and poplin swell like undulating waves of the sea, to the discomfiture of some male animal in the corner, whose head only is visible; but in the promenade, or the drawing-room, their elegance is undeniable. Then, again, the bonnets that have been worn during the past season, approximating to the sugar-scoop in shape, and perched on the back of the head, have their advantage, in not wearing off the front hair, which was in peril from the antique fashion—the article having to be worn, of course, during the greater part of the day. For ourselves, we should not object to see it reduced to a mere adornment for the back of the head, or giving place altogether to the flowing, graceful veils worn in other countries.

As to what is said relative to the bonnet, in the latter portion of the above extract, we admit its force—only remarking that the bonnet has, or should have, its uses in shielding the eyes and forehead from the sun in summer, as well as from the bleak winds of winter, and true beauty is always based upon a reasonable appreciation of use. But, as to the remarks in defence of the hooped skirts—"angels and ministers of *grace* defend us!" No beauty in the "curving inwards of the flowing drapery descending from the waist?" Then we suppose there is no beauty in the curving inwards and descending taper of the human form itself—and that a great mistake was made by the Creator, in not making the female especially on the principle of the solid cone.

Now, nothing is better established as a rule of taste in dress, than that the dress should follow the proportions of the figure. For this reason, huge head dresses, leg-of-mutton sleeves, low waists, high waists, and balloon skirts, are all at one remorseless stroke, and at first view, utterly condemned. True taste is inherently truthful—despising empty shams, and hating lies. It allows individual deviations from truth, to hide individual deformities—but such an individual deviation is pardonable as homage paid to the great general truth, as well as excusable on the ground that a person is justified in striving to conceal unpleasant peculiarities. But the general law remains the same; and when dress is no longer truthful to the lines of the figure, there is no absurdity into which it may not plunge, for it has departed from its only true guidance.

As, by this undoubted axiom of good taste, the balloon or barrel skirts are unequivocally condemned, they are of right the constant *butt*—a butt, it will be remembered, is two hogsheads—of the satirist and caricaturist. That creatures of such formidable bulk can be laughed down to nature's fair proportions, we doubt very much, but sense and satire must do their duty notwithstanding. The wit need not touch the fair, however, in shooting his venomed arrows, for there is ample room to pierce the skirts and miss the wearer. And when folly gets a little older, and Eugenie not quite so squeamish, perhaps we may behold a return to the days when a lady could seat herself in a railroad car without the necessity of placing herself first, and then going to work deliberately to haul in her canvas after her.

THALBERG'S CONCERTS.

During the past week, Mr. Thalberg has given several concerts in this city, all of which were very largely attended. On two of these occasions, Mr. Gottschalk came in for a fair half of the laurels—playing, as popular judgment avers, with a power not a whit behind that of Thalberg himself. Mme. Elena D'Angri, the famous contralto, about whom the New Yorkers have been going into various degrees of rapture and ecstacy, has also made her debut before a Philadelphia audience, has been applauded with exceeding enthusiasm, encored vigorously, and pronounced one of the greatest of operatic artistes.

On Saturday afternoon, Dec. 13th, Mr. Thalberg and his troupe gave a free concert to the pupils of the Female Public Grammar Schools, at the Walnut Street Theatre. The body of the house was occupied by about two thousand children, whose delighted and incessant chatter was highly amusing. The stage was occupied by a large number of invited guests, including clergymen, editors, reporters, professors, &c. The children applauded everything vehemently.—Yankee Doodle, executed by Mme. D'Angri with a swarm of brilliant and bewildering variations, created a great sensation, and was received with great juvenile acclamation.

At the close of the concert, Mr. Dusenberry, of the School Board, thanked Mr. Thalberg heartily for the enjoyment he had rendered the children, to which the great pianist responded that he hoped to have the pleasure of pleasing the children again. The whole affair was very pleasant, and passed off to the satisfaction of everybody.

☞ Among our news will be found a short sketch of English domestic life, which we wish our lady readers to peruse—especially the paragraph relative to the way that ladies of rank and fashion dress when out of doors.

THE RAILROAD COLLISION AT ALLIANCE.

The details of the railroad collision at Alliance, caused by the Pittsburg and Cleveland train dashing through the train on the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago road, are horrible. The latter train was just starting westward, when the Cleveland train came up at lightning speed, and plunged headlong through it, striking in its mad passage the front corner of the rear car and the rear corner of the car before it with terrific force, hurling the rear car into the public reception room of the station, thereby bringing down with a frightful crash three sides of the octagonal room from floor to ceiling, and shivering the platform and timbers in front into kindling wood; while the locomotive, catching up the forward car, and snapping its coupling irons into fragments, threw it with a twirl some thirty or forty feet distant! A large number of persons were standing on the platform, awaiting the arrival of the train that did the mischief, when the car was violently tossed among them, crushing out the lives of eight persons at a blow!

Dr. Smith and his wife were standing together on the platform. His mangled body was found forty or fifty feet from the place where he had been standing. The corpse of his wife, dreadfully mutilated, was taken from under the shattered platform. They were but recently married.

Mr. Taylor, a young merchant of Philadelphia, was standing near them. He lived for a few minutes after the catastrophe. Mr. John Brooks, of New Jersey, was crushed against the wall of the building by the car. Jacob Rudy, a German, the flagman of the station, saw the train rushing down the track, and knowing the danger of the crowd upon the platform, ran up the tramroad in front of the locomotive, shouting, and waving his lantern and signal. In that heroic agony of fear for others, he forgot himself. The locomotive struck him, caught him up, carried him between the cars, and tore him limb from limb.

Mr. J. Atterholt and Mr. King Watson, two carpenters in the employment of the railroad companies, were found under the front of the locomotive, the wheels of which were clotted with their blood. Mr. Atterholt leaves a wife and three children. Mr. McIntire, of Alliance, also a carpenter, was found dead some distance from the platform.

Among the number of wounded persons was Mr. Marcus A. Root, of Philadelphia, the daguerreotypist, who had his thigh broken.

The coroner's inquest held upon the bodies has resulted in a verdict accusing the Cleveland train as the cause of the accident, and implicating John Cherry, its engineer. The feeling against Cherry at Alliance was intense. He fled immediately after the catastrophe, and has not yet been arrested. He is at the head-quarters of the Cleveland road, and expresses his willingness to be given up if protected from the violence of the excited people.

The testimony before the coroner's jury develops these among other facts: First, it was the duty of the Cleveland train to stop for the other to pass, and it plunged through the other at the rate of thirty miles an hour; second, the engine of the Cleveland train was defective, there being a leak in the steam conductor which would cause the train to move after the steam was apparently shut off, thus putting the engine beyond the immediate control of the engineer; third, John Cherry, the engineer of the Cleveland train, is reported to be addicted to drink.

Where the blame of this frightful slaughter lies, it is at present difficult accurately to conjecture. Whether it is solely the fault of one man, or the result of a combination of little things, the fault of several men—a duty slackly performed here, a rule slightly disregarded there, an order not precisely obeyed, a machine not entirely perfect—things no one of which would suffice to produce such a murderous effect, but which combined by chance, were strong and sure to work this ruin,—it is impossible just now to say. Judging by the somewhat fragmentary testimony that reaches us, it would seem that the ghastly result accuses either the niggard thrift or wicked carelessness which hazards human life by committing it to the lawless operation of defective machinery—an engine which the engineer cannot at once control;—or else is one more testimony against placing in any responsible office men whose brains are sodden or crazed with liquor till deprived of the circumspection, coolness, forethought or prompt executive ability, necessary to enable them to meet the demands of a moment of exigency, difficulty, or peril, or even to perceive and realize that such a moment is at hand. Whether John Cherry is to blame, or John Cherry's employers, or both together, no one knows. It is to be hoped that future investigation will determine, and justice not be balked. When are we to have a public sentiment sufficient to diminish the amount of these perpetual, thickcoming horrors, by acting upon those officials whose business it is to use proper precautions against their occurrence? Are our railway cars and steamboats to be made simple murder-machines, by the employment of burnt-out boilers, worn-out engines, drunken engineers, or haphazard, careless, reckless, or ignorant officers?

A SCAMP.—The Post-Master at Milan, Ripley county, Ind., writes us that a young man who gave his name as "Smith"—a name we have heard before—has been taking in subscribers and money for the Saturday Evening Post at Moore's Hill, about three miles from Milan. As he left without paying his bill at the tavern, the good people of Moore's Hill concluded at once that they had been duped, and "offer a liberal reward for his apprehension." This member of the great Smith family, is described as follows:—

Aged about 28—weight near 140—complexion rather light—whiskers and moustache running together and well trimmed. He is good looting, with rather high and full forehead—has quite a shrill voice—appearance rather delicate, but healthy. He had a woman with him, whom he introduced as his wife, &c.

The best plan for our country friends to adopt, when they want the Post, is to send the money, or a draft, directly to us through the mail.

PALMER'S ARTIFICIAL LEG.—This, we have reason to believe, is one of the most useful inventions of these latter days. It received the great Prize Medal at the World's Fair in London, in 1851, and since then is stated to have been much improved. It is made of the exact shape of the natural leg, and the action is apparently precisely similar. We have seen an individual walking with one on, and would not have supposed that he was using any other leg than the one his Creator had given him. The freedom from remark which the use of this leg insures, is thus only less important than the much coveted freedom of action. Those who wish more particular information, will find it to their interest to apply, by letter or in person, to the inventor, Mr. B. F. Palmer, of this city.

DR. VINTON'S LECTURES.

We had the pleasure of hearing, on Friday evening, Dec. 12th, Dr. Vinton's lecture—"The Gentlewoman"—a pendant to his former lecture—"The Gentleman"—both belonging to a series recently delivered in this city, at Handel & Haydn Hall. The lecture we heard was listened to by a very respectable auditory, and met with much acceptance. It was full of wit and brilliance. The ideal presented of the gentlewoman was, in many respects, cultured and noble, and also, in many respects, vulnerable to criticism.

GEN. WALKER.—It will be noticed by the late news brought by the California passengers from Nicaragua, that Gen. Walker seems to be in rather a precarious position. The burning of Granada especially, a well-built city, the capital and largest town in the State, looks like the desperate move of a desperate and unscrupulous man.

New Publications.

BEAUMARCHAIS AND HIS TIMES. By LOUIS DE LOMENIE. Translated by Henry S. Edwards. Harper & Brothers, New York. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

A needed and valuable corollary to the history of the eighteenth century. It is a series of graphic sketches of French society at that period. Beaumarchais, chiefly known as the witty author of "Figaro," deserves a greater celebrity. He was also one of the propagandists of the idea of Liberty, and Americans owe him some gratitude as one instrumental in securing that aid from France which helped to effect our national independence. He it was that first declared the success of the American arms in the Revolution to be beyond a doubt, and besides giving all his personal and public influence to our cause, he advanced from his private purse a large sum of money by way of material aid which remained unpaid till after his death. His life illustrates the doctrine of ill luck. He was the originator of a number of enterprises, all of which were prolific of good, and all profitable to every person but Beaumarchais. His life was a series of disasters and misfortunes, and he died broken in intellect, and poor.

WHALING AND FISHING. By CHARLES NORDHOFF. Moore, Willstack, Keys & Co. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Phila.

We gave our readers a taste of Mr. Nordhoff's quality some time ago. His book is excellent. It gives a very graphic and accurate account of the various phases in a sailor's existence, which appears entirely divested of the brilliant coloring of romance that so frequently invest it in the figments of naval novelists. The author's hope is to disabuse the minds of youth of their yearning for nautical life by holding the mirror up to nature for them; which, we hope, he will succeed in doing on a large scale. There is no folly equal to the folly of going to sea, except that of continuing to go after the first voyage has given its lesson.

STORIES OF AN OLD MAID, Related to Her Nephews and Nieces. Translated from the French of Madame Emile de Girardin, by Alfred Elwes. D. Appleton & Co. New York. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philada.

A collection of charming fairy stories, well written, though the age has almost forgotten how to write fairy stories well.

DICKENS' LITTLE FOLKS. Redfield, New York. For sale by C. G. Henderson, Philadelphia.

A series of juveniles selected from Dickens' works in his own language, and finely illustrated by Darley.

WHISTLER; OR, THE MANLY BOY. By Walter Aimwell. Gould & Lincoln, Boston. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

SERMONS, DOCTRINAL AND PRACTICAL. By the Rev. William Archer Butler, M. A. Second Series. Published and for sale by Parry & McMillan, Philadelphia.

ISHMAEL AND THE CHURCH. By Lewis Cheeseman, D. D. Published and for sale by Parry & McMillan, Philadelphia.

THE HUMORS OF FALCONBRIDGE. By Jonathan F. Kelly. Published and for sale by T. B. Peterson Philadelphia.

LENA RIVERS. By Mary J. Holmes. Miller, Orton & Mulligan, New York. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

NEVER MIND THE FACE; Or, The Cousin's Visit. By Hetty Holyoke. C. Scribner, New York. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Phila.

THE BIBLE IN THE WORKSHOP; Or, Christianity the Friend of Labor. By Rev. John Mears. C. Scribner, New York. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Phila.

THE TORCHLIGHT; or, Through the Wood. By Harriet A. Olcott. Derby & Jackson, New York. For sale by H. Cowperthwait & Co., Philadelphia.

THE YOUNG YAGERS; or, a Narrative of Hunting Adventures in Southern Africa. By Captain Mayne Reid. Ticknor & Fields, Boston. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

AUTUMNAL LEAVES. By Lydia Maria Child. S. Francis & Co., New York. For sale by Cowperthwait & Co., Philadelphia.

CHRISTIAN EVIDENCES. By James Challen. J. Challen & Sons, Philadelphia. For sale by H. Cowperthwait & Co., Philadelphia.

THE O'BRIENS AND THE O'FLAHERTYS. A Tale. By Lady Morgan. Redfield, New York. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

LAKE NGAMI; OR, EXPLORATIONS AND DISCOVERIES IN SOUTH WESTERN AFRICA. By Charles John Anderson. Harper & Brothers, New York. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

ROME, CHRISTIAN AND PAPAL. By L. A. Sanctis, D. D. Harper & Brothers, New York. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

RED BEARD'S STORIES FOR CHILDREN. From the German. Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

THE STORY OF COLUMBUS, Simplified for the Young Folks. By Sarah H. Bradford. C. Scribner, New York. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

The smiling artist paints to-day
A picture, deeply shaded;
Then rolls and cracks it every way
To make it worn and faded.

To-morrow comes the connoisseur,
All pomp and proud decision:
"Two thousand dollars;" no demur—
He buys it for a Titian! —*Mrs. Osgood.*

☞ They who occupy the most eminent stations have the most at stake in preserving the public tranquillity; for in popular convulsions, as in earthquakes, the highest objects are the first to topple and fall.

☞ The Yankee who was "lying at the point of death," whittled it off with his jack-knife, and is now recovering.

☞ M. Babinet, member of the French Institute, assures the world that it need be under no apprehension from comets, which he calls "visible nothings," and which have no more power to set this world on fire than Hamlet's father's spirit had to supply his son with a light for his cigar.

Paris Letter.

ELL AFTER A STORM—MOVING BACKWARDS—BIGOTRY AND SUPERSTITION—A NEW MIRACLE—THE COMMISSARIAT DEPARTMENT—WORK TO BE DONE—THE CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS—"THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL."

PARIS, Nov. 20, 1856.

Editor of the Post:

The attacks of all the journals of Paris, with the exception of the Republican *Siecle*, against England and the English alliance, have become less violent since the declaration of the *Moniteur* a few days since, to the effect that the "understanding between the two governments has never been more intimate than at the present moment." The representatives of the Orleanists, Legitimists, and reactionaries of all shades, would be only too glad to separate France and England; but the liberal and progressive portion of the nation is waiting to see in which direction its interests lie, and the rupture which the Absolutists would hail with delight, as the precursor of troubles that would help them to the bringing forward of their various projects, does not appear to be imminent just now.

The disagreeable affair of Neufchatel, a small territory which Prussia once usurped, and which has thrown off her illegal yoke, and refuses to submit on again, seems no nearer settlement than it was a month ago. Diplomatists are still busy over Neapolitan affairs; and Spain, or rather her shifting government, is still running downhill, towards the despotisms of past ages. Think of the priests prohibiting, not only the works of George, Dumas and others, whose tendency may be differently estimated from different points of view, but works of history, science, and jurisprudence, universally accepted elsewhere as of standard value! The works of John Stuart Mill, for instance, are now forbidden in Italy and in Spain! In this city the leading religious journal *l'Univers*, is now publishing a series of articles in favor of the recent action of the Carvajal Government in Spain, where the exploded clerical tyrannies of past centuries are being revived and restored, one after the other; the Inquisition being lauded to the skies as a most holy, religious, righteous, and useful institution. The priests of Spain are now making a grand effort to get the whole field of Education into their hands; in Austria, also, the clerical party are striving after the same end, but with less chance of success. The provisions of the late Concordat have, indeed, had a contrary effect from that hoped for by its signers; many families, disgusted with this barefaced return to past tyranny, having embraced Protestantism in consequence. This movement is said to be most active in Hungary and Gallicia.

There, too, the priests are trying to take advantage of the despotic tendencies of the day; and not content with getting up the miracle of La Salette, have invented another little stroke of the miraculous, for the edification of the faithful in this unbelieving age. The *Messager d'Ouest*, is just out with the following remarkable "fact," of which it vouches for the exact and literal truth.

It seems that the inhabitants of the Commune of Elven, in the Department of the Morbilau, are accustomed, whenever they want rain, to go in procession to the shrine of St. Paterne, their patron. Last August, during the drought that affected that region, the peasants, seeing their fields parched by the heat, got up a procession, as usual; and although there was not a cloud to be seen when the procession set out, their prayer was granted forthwith, and the village received, during the night, exactly such a watering as it had asked for. Next day it was found that an inch of rain had fallen on the heights, and just the foot in the hollows; and so exactly had the shower been sent down upon the ground of those who had asked for it, that not a drop had fallen beyond the limits of the village!

The wines, though short in quantity, are of unusually good quality. But this important production, which, when drunk in its purity, would seem to be the natural condition of temperance as opposed to ascetic abstinence on one hand, and alcoholic drunkenness on the other, will be dear and dear this year. Consequently, an increase in the consumption of alcoholic drinks, and of every species of crime resulting therefrom, may be confidently predicted for the coming year. Bread has come down one centime per pound, (five centimes make one *sou*) but the prices of other elements of food are still rising. The *Fourneaux Economiques*, or cheap kitchens, established last year in this city by the Emperor and Empress, have just been re-opened, the Emperor giving 80,000f., and the Empress 20,000f., towards their support. These Imperial charities were open last winter during one hundred days. These five established issued, on an average, 5,000 "portions" daily, making 25,000 customers daily, supplied with coarse, but wholesome and palatable food, at *two sous* per portion, and half-portions for children at *one sou*. The actual number of portions thus issued during the hundred days of severe weather through which these kitchens were in operation, amounted to no less than 5,000,000. A good soup of beef, cabbage, potatoes, and rice, and the beef itself with a quantity of the vegetables aforesaid, were the victuals dished out; they are really not bad, as I can testify from personal investigation, were very cleanly cooked, and were dispensed by kind-hearted, hard-working Sisters of Charity, who let me taste their cookery, and recounted with great delight the satisfaction with which poor laborers and tired mothers of families would come to their kitchen to exchange their hard-earned coppers for a warm and nourishing meal which they could not have cooked, even at their own homes, for three times the money.

Evidently the time will come when labor of all sorts being fairly paid for, these expedients will be no longer needed; but as long as the present unjust rates of wages are maintained, the opening of cheap kitchens for the poor, is one of the best modes in which charitable assistance can be afforded. The Government is just issuing bread-tickets, by which the poor obtain bread at diminished price, the State repaying the baker the amount of this reduction. A few days ago, a poor woman got a bread-ticket, being in great destitution. Just as she had received it, a letter was brought to her by the postman, containing the sum of fifty francs sent to her by a brother in the country, who had raised the sum to help her in her need. The woman, at once, and of her own accord, took the ticket back to the office from which she had received it, saying that she could not use it, but left it for the benefit of some one poorer than herself. The foremen of several of the large manufactories of the Croix-Rousse are engaged to invite some one of the workmen in their establishments not thrown out of employment, to dinner, daily during the coming winter.

These trifling incidents showing so good a feeling among the working population of whom their richer brethren stand so much in dread, appear to me not unworthy the notice of your readers.

The "question of subsistence" is becoming a very serious one for the crowded populations of Europe. Fresh impulse in the department of agriculture and grazing, and the abolishing of a restrictive policy with regard to the importation and taxation of food, will eventually set this question right; but unfortunately, the Reign of Common Sense is not yet. Meantime M. Isidore Geoffroy St. Hilaire, son of the renowned naturalist who founded the *Jardin des Plantes* in 1793, and who, as the worthy successor of his father at the head of that important institution, is incessantly engaged in acclimating new plants, birds, and animals, with a view to spreading them through France, is just now busy with various new species which he believes will be found very useful; among others with the hemione, an animal which seems to combine the beauty and speed of the horse with the patient strength and endurance of the ass; the *casoar*, a gigantic bird whose flesh is equal to that of the turkey, while in size it exceeds the ostrich; Egyptian geese, peas, and corn, &c.* The amiable and learned naturalist is also taking much pains to impress upon the minds of the "kings of creation," the somewhat startling fact, that, although no less than one hundred and forty thousand distinct species of animals have already been discovered in our planet, we have only managed to render some thirty-four of these species subservient to our use and convenience. M. St. Hilaire, very reasonably considering that all the inhabitants of our globe should either be made useful to the human race or got rid of if ascertained to be mischievous or worthless, concludes that we have still a very great work before us in the taming, educating, and rendering useful of the vast family of inferior animals disseminated over the surface of the earth.

This allusion to the subject of meat-eating, reminds me of the singular discovery made by the police a few days since, at the market of Soissons, where, on opening a calf, killed and dressed for the meat-market, but which for some reason or other had roused the suspicions of the guardians of the revenue, the works of two excellent Geneva mantel-clocks were discovered, nicely packed away in the cavity where the poor little animals' lungs ought by rights to have been—and puts me in mind, also, of the new work by the Swedish traveller, Anderson, who reports that the Namaqua Hottentots, on the shores of the great African lake Ngami, never eat the hare, respecting which animal, so high in favor with European astronomers, they have the following curious tradition.

One day, says the African legend, the moon asked of the hare to carry a message from her to the people of the earth. This the hare said he would willingly do. "Say to the people of the earth, 'Even as the moon dies and comes back to life, so shall you, who die, live again.'" (The Namagins, be it remarked, believe that the moon dies every month, when it disappears.) The hare sped away, as fast as his legs could carry him, but he changed the message he was charged to deliver, and thus began, 'Even as the moon dies and does not come back to life'—but the moon was so angry at this mistake, that she stopped his speech, and caused the lips of the hare to be cut as a punishment. 'This is the reason,' say the Namaquas, 'why the hare's lips have their peculiar form, and why we are always at enmity with him, and would suffer any degree of hunger rather than eat his flesh.'"

The abstaining from eating the poor little animal, as a mark of enmity, is peculiarly rich; it is probable that sheep and oxen would prefer such a slight on our part to the "doubtful compliment," as they no doubt consider it, of being compelled to figure on the European dinner-table.

A curious statement respecting the number of accidental deaths in this country has just appeared; and it seems that deaths from accident have been on the increase for many years. In 1844 they were 7,380; in 1845, 7,965; in 1846, 8,086; in 1847, 8,747; in 1848, 8,218; in 1849, 8,777; in 1850, 8,801; in 1851, 8,749; in 1852, 9,003; in 1853, 8,942; in 1854, 8,995. In England, with a population one-third less numerous, the deaths from accident average no less than 11,500 per annum. If a few shocks of earthquake should be felt in this region, as they are now being felt in so many others, the number of "accidental deaths" would run up terribly. The late earthquake in Candia has cost the lives of 1,400 Turks, and 570 Christians, not to speak of property destroyed to the tune of 250 millions of piastres.

The mania of secretly hoarding sums of money, whose hiding-place their owner only reveals to his heir on his death-bed, though now less common than formerly, still manifests itself occasionally among the peasantry of this country, and even among people somewhat higher in the social scale. Not many years since a rich agriculturist in the neighborhood of Paris, M. B——, died suddenly of apoplexy, and without being able to reveal to his wife the hiding-place in which he had accumulated the savings of his lifetime. The widow actually became insane from this disappointment, and has now deceased, the property passing into the possession of collateral heirs. The latter have lately offered the place for sale, and a M. S—— having agreed to purchase it, the heirs demanded the payment of an additional five thousand francs, over and above the price agreed upon for the farm, as an indemnity for the sums supposed to be hidden away in some odd corner of the place, and which would thus, if found, become the property of the new owner. M. S——, however, refused to pay this sum, and treated the idea of the buried treasure as being all nonsense. The heirs consequently inserted a clause into the deed of purchase, reserving to themselves the ownership of all such treasures, should they ever be brought to light. The contract was signed, and the new owner installed himself in the place. It was soon rumored, however, that he was busily engaged in searching for the traditional treasure; taking up doors, sounding walls, searching wells, and so on. The heirs, uneasy at this dishonest action on his part, engaged their lawyer to keep a strict watch over the movements of the enterprising purchaser.

A few days ago, an oven being very much out of repair, a mason was sent for to replace the missing bricks, and make the oven fit for the requisitions of the *cuisiniere*. Having examined the interior of this oven, the mason remarked that he should need a certain tool which he had neglected to bring with him, and went off to the village, promising to return immediately. Notwithstanding the proverbial faithlessness of French workmen in general, and of French masons in particular, the man was as good as his word, and made his re-appearance in the course of a few minutes, at the head of a party of smiling and triumphant visages, among which those of several of the heirs, their lawyer, and the village constable, were particularly remarkable for their delightful hilarity of expression. The party proceeded straight to the dilapidated oven, and the mason, having removed some black and mouldering bricks from the interior, the lawyer drew out a number of garden pots, containing a sum of 17,200f. in gold and silver, the result of the magpie hoarding of the unfortunate husband of the unfortunate Dame B——. M. S——, learning what was going on, came in hot haste to the oven, screaming as he ran, in his loudest tones, "Stop, stop! I consent to pay the 5,000f. additional, and I claim the treasure!" The heirs, the lawyer, the constable, and the mason, who received a couple of hundred francs on the spot for his honesty, all laughed in chorus at this tardy offer; and snapping their fingers in the face of the distracted purchaser of the farm, marched off in triumph with the pots of money.

About noon, Dame S—— returning from market, found her husband in a sort of stupor. Suddenly rousing himself, and passing into a state of furious excitement, he recounted the scene that had taken place during her absence, and raving at length like a madman, he rushed away from his wife, and was seen no more through the day. In the evening, one of the hands, going into a barn in search of hay for the cattle, discovered his master hanging by a rope from one of the rafters, quite dead. This precious treasure, some $3,400, has thus caused the insanity of one human creature, the suicide of another, and no doubt a horrible grief to the widow of the latter, who has had the double disappointment of seeing her husband and the treasure that might have been hers, slip through her fingers in a single day, the latter probably being the sorrow which she will feel the longest.

Alas, poor human nature! QUANTUM.

☞ A letter from Paris says: At present there is in this Imperial Court an organized crusade against the small bonnets now worn by the ladies. It is wished to give them a circumference more in harmony with that of the crinolines. This is why some of the guests have appeared in velvet hats with large brims, in the English style, called "chapeaux de l'alliance."

☞ The cost of a message by electric telegraph between the Crimea and London is said to be $600.

☞ In a lodging house lately, half a quarter of lamb, two thirds of a ham, two packages of chocolate, a pot of marmalade, the remains of a large pigeon pie, thirteen lumps of sugar, half a canister of coffee, and the whole of a bottle of French brandy, were discovered (by the landlady) to have been consumed by *the cat*.

☞ "How much do you pay your waiters at this saloon?" asked an irascible gent of the proprietor of a restaurant. "One dollar per diem, sir." "Well, then, credit me with thirty cents, for I waited two hours for my steak and one hour for my muffins."

☞ It is said that a man was recently knocked down in a railroad car, in New York, for insisting upon "taking the sense of the company" upon the election of 1860. Verdict, Served him right.

☞ Some editors cast themselves so far beyond those courtesies which obtain between well-bred men, that they find in their very position an exemption from responsibility. No man who has clean apparel himself, will return the mud balls with which he may be assailed by one who has taken up his stand in the ditch.

☞ In a wild state, sheep shed their wool every year; in a domesticated state, they have been known to retain it for five years. This experiment has been tried on the government flock at Ramboulette.

☞ A bluff son of the sea calls the navigation of the streets by the ladies "great circle sailing." He deserves to have his ears served as he does his compass.

☞ CAUTIOUS PAT.—A dying Irishman was asked by his confessor if he was prepared to renounce the devil and all his works. "Oh, your honor," said Pat, "don't ask me that: I'm going into a strange country, and I don't want to make myself enemies!"

☞ NICE QUESTION IN MORALS.—The following question is now before the Tillictudlem Debating Society: "Is it wrong to cheat a lawyer?" It is expected that the answer will be—"No! but impossible."

☞ "Patrick Maloney, what do you say to the indictment—are you guilty or not guilty?" "Arrah! musha, yer worship, how can I tell till I hear the evidence?"

☞ A physiologist of Cincinnati has discovered that wearing of moustaches strengthens the eye-sight, and that the removal of these hairy appendages has the effect of causing several diseases of the eyes.

☞ Every virtue gives man a degree of felicity in some kind. Honesty gives a man a good report; justice, estimation; prudence, respect; courtesy and liberality, affection; temperance gives health; fortitude, a quiet mind not to be moved by any adversity.—*Walsingham.*

MORE DEFALCATIONS.—Wall Street has been thrown into a new excitement by the announcement that Wm. E. Thompson, reporter of the Courier and Enquirer, has absconded to Europe with $20,000, raised on Virginia and other State Bonds, by means of fraudulent checks, drawn upon Cammann, Whitestrouse, Brown Bros., John H. Gourlie, Dykers, Alstyne & Co.

Mr. Thompson, it is said, took his departure in the Persia. He registered his name as simply "Mr. Thompson," giving as a reason for not writing his full name, that he was not certain which of his sons would go. His family are left behind.

Mr. Thompson has been for twenty years or more, connected with the Courier, and had won for himself the respect and confidence of the entire community. It seems strange that a man would throw away a good character, and such a position, for the beggarly sum of $20,000. His friends are reluctant to believe the worst, but are staggered at the said to be forged drafts. They are of opinion that when Mr. Thompson himself is heard from, a different face will be put upon the whole matter, and it is to be hoped the opinion will be confirmed.

Simultaneously with this discovery, it came out that a heavy overdraft was discovered in the accounts of the first teller of the Bank of America. Later in the day, however, it was stated that the overdraft was for a small amount (£40,000,) and that as the Bank was secured in greater part, its losses, if anything, would be inconsiderable. The accused party (Sturges is his name,) has resigned his place in the Bank.

So, you see, it never rains but it pours, in Wall Street. Everybody is asking, naturally enough, "Who is the next customer?"

PAINT POISON.—A correspondent of the Paris Academy of Sciences, states that the poisonous properties of lead paint are due to the turpentine which is mixed with it, not the lead. This opinion is antagonistic to the commonly received one. It may be correct, however, in this way: the turpentine is volatile, hence it may lift some of the lead when evaporating, and thus the metal be inhaled by the painter, in the form of mineral gas. He asserts that if turpentine were not used, paint poison would be unknown.

CALIFORNIA GRAPES.—The Patent Office has recently received some elegant specimens of "Malaga grapes" from California. They are large, full and luscious—the fruits of the vine introduced into that country a hundred and fifty years ago. It is the opinion of those employed in the Agricultural Department of that office that our country at large can be supplied with these grapes from California at a cheaper rate than those from Malaga or elsewhere out of the United States can now be furnished.

THIRTY-FOURTH CONGRESS.

SENATE.—On December 8th, the Senate adopted a list of Standing Committees.

On motion of Mr. Clay, a joint resolution was adopted, that two Chaplains of different denominations, be elected by the two Houses, who shall interchange weekly.

Rev. Stephen P. Hill, Baptist, of Washington, was elected on the part of the Senate.

The Senate then resumed the consideration of the motion to print 15,000 extra copies of the President's Message and the accompanying documents.

The discussion was also resumed, and continued between Messrs. Bigler, Wade and Trumbull till the hour of adjournment.

On December 9th, Mr Rusk introduced a bill granting further time to the creditors of the Republic of Texas to present their claims.

The Senate then resumed the consideration of the motion to print 15,000 extra copies of the President's Message and the accompanying documents.

Mr. Callamer spoke at length, criticising the Message till the hour of adjournment.

On December 10th, Mr. Clay introduced a bill supplementary to the act of August, 1854, to graduate and reduce the price of the Public Lands to actual settlers and cultivators.

The Senate resumed the consideration of the motion to print the Message and accompanying documents.

Messrs. Bigler, Trumbull and Pugh occupied the floor till the Senate adjourned.

On December 11th, on motion of Mr. Houston, the Committee of Finance was ordered to inquire into the expediency of suspending the duties on sugar and molasses for the period of two years.

Mr. Wilson gave notice of his intention to introduce a bill supplatory of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill.

The Senate then resumed the consideration of the motion to print the Message and documents.

The debate continued between Messrs. Cass, Wade, Hale and Bigler.

In the course of the debate Mr. Rusk said, that whatever opinion might have been entertained with regard to the propriety of this discussion at its commencement, it would now be unjust to those gentlemen who have not had an opportunity to participate in it, to cut them off by taking the question on printing the President's Message and the accompanying documents, but at the same time he stated that the printers were much delayed, in consequence of the failure of the Senate to pass the customary order to print. On his motion the printing was ordered.

Mr. Rusk then moved, in order that the debate might proceed, to refer so much of the Message as relates to foreign affairs to the Committee on Foreign Relations.

The Senate adjourned till Monday.

On the 15th, on motion of Mr. Jones, of Iowa, the credentials of Mr. James Harlan, Senator from Iowa, with the protest of the State of Iowa, in relation thereto, were taken up for consideration. Mr. Harlan proceeded to speak on the subject.

In the HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, on Dec. 8th, after the President's Annual Message was read.

Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, moved to refer it to the Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union, and criticised it freely. A season of speeches, conducted by Messrs. Campbell, Kelt, McMullin, Sherman and others, and referring principally to the several positions of the political parties, ensued, and continued till the House adjourned.

On Dec. 9th, the House resumed the consideration of the motion to refer the President's Message to the Committee of the Whole.

Mr. Smith, of Tennessee, replied to the remarks of Messrs. Campbell and Sherman of the day before.

The House then proceeded to the consideration of the special order, being the question of the admission of Mr. Whitfield as Delegate from Kansas, and reconsidered the vote by which the House on Monday week refused that he be sworn—yeas 111, nays 108.

Mr. Grow moved that the whole question be referred to the Committee on Elections, which was negatived by 7 majority.

The oath was then ordered to be administered to Mr. Whitfield—yeas 112, nays 108.

Mr. Whitfield then advanced and took the oath to support the Constitution of the United States.

On Dec. 10th, the question of the reference of the President's Message to the Committee of the Whole, again came up, and the debate, conducted by Messrs. Washburn, of Maine, Smith, of Virginia, Kelt, Giddings, Morrison, and others, continued till the House adjourned.

On Dec. 11th, Mr. Otero presented a memorial from citizens residing on the Gadsden purchase, praying for the establishment of a territorial formation over that Territory, to be called Arizona. Referred to the Committee on Territories.

The House then resumed the consideration of the motion to refer the President's Message to the Committee of the Whole.

Messrs. Humphrey Marshall, Grow, Kelt, Burnett, Quitman, McMullin, Orr, Sherman, Brooks, and Letcher, spoke till the hour of adjournment.

On December 12th, Mr. Broome, from the Post Office Committee, reported a bill authorizing the Post-Master General to make a contract with Cornelius Vanderbilt for carrying the mail between New York and Southampton at $18,000 the round trip, and in the event of not making as quick time as the Cunard steamers, $1,000 to be deducted for every 12 hours' deficiency.

Mr. Tappan made an unsuccessful attempt to introduce a bill repealing the laws of the so-called Legislature of Kansas.

The House adjourned till Monday.

On the 15th, Mr. Etheridge submitted the following resolution, which was read for the information of the members:

Resolved, That this House regard all suggestions or propositions of every kind, by whomsoever made, for the revival of the African slave trade, as shocking to the moral sentiment of the enlightened portion of mankind, and any act on the part of Congress legislating or conniving at or legalizing that horrid and inhuman traffic, would justly subject the United States to the reproach of all civilized and Christian people throughout the world.

Objection was made to the introduction of the resolution. Mr. Etheridge moved a suspension of the rules. Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, called for the yeas and nays.

Mr. Walker asked whether, if the House shall suspend the rules, it was the purpose of Mr. Etheridge to move the previous question on the adoption of the resolution to cut off debate.

Mr. Etheridge replied that the resolution contained self-evident proposition. He presumed every gentleman had an opinion on the subject. He should not discuss it, but would move the previous question.

Mr. Jones, of Tenn., wanted Mr. Etheridge to leave out the argument in the resolution, and said he was as much opposed to re-opening the African slave trade as his colleague.

Mr. Orr strove ineffectually to introduce a substitute, simply resolving that it is inexpedient to repeal the laws prohibiting the African slave trade.

Mr. Etheridge's motion to suspend the rules, in order to enable him to introduce his resolution, was then agreed to yeas 149, nays 53.

KANSAS.—Thirty-seven of the Free State prisoners have made their escape from Tecumseh, by breaking through the wall, and several have escaped from Lecompton, reducing the number down to nineteen, seventeen of which are those convicted to five years' imprisonment. There are a large number of indictments pending for those who were engaged at the battle of Franklin.

A correspondent of the St. Louis Democrat, gives a letter from Col. Titus to Gov. Geary, informing the latter that he had re-arrested the murderer Hayes, pursuant to command, but that Judge Lecompte issued a writ of habeas corpus, and had it served upon him; that he obeyed it, and that the Judge discharged the prisoner.

The trial of sixteen Free State prisoners before Judge Cato, resulted in a verdict of not guilty. The jury was composed of five Free State and seven Pro-Slavery men. Nine more are awaiting trial. Captain Walker's and Titus's companies have both been mustered out of service.

When the land sales commenced, there were nearly one hundred Free State prisoners in confinement—many of whom had claims on the Delaware lands, on which their families were living. These claims they supposed would be bought by any one who chose to bid on them at the sales, as they were unable to attend to them in consequence of their confinement, and from the same cause unable to raise the money to pay for them. Gov. Geary arranged with the Commissioner who has charge of the sales, that such tracts should not be sold, but should be passed over for the present, in order to give the prisoners an opportunity to secure them after their release.

RUMORED BLOCKADE.—Advices received from Jamaica, by the Tennessee, state that the whole British fleet on that station had been ordered to hold itself in readiness to proceed to the Gulf of Mexico, for the purpose of blockading the Mexican ports. The despatches conveying the sailing orders were daily expected.

NEWS ITEMS.

GAME LAWS.—A young farmer in Devonshire, Eng., was recently sentenced to one month's imprisonment at hard labor, for attempting to catch a hare on land rented by his father!

ARCTIC NAMES.—Among the vessels frozen up in the harbor of Cronstadt, is the barque *Greenland*, Capt. *Snow*, with a cargo of hemp, consigned to *Winter*-hoff, Piper & Co.

THE TRANSIT OF VENUS will take place in 1861, when the planet will pass directly between the earth and the sun, during the day, and the darkness caused by it will make lights necessary in the houses. The transit occurs only once in a century, and on the last occasion the British Government fitted out an expedition to the South Pacific Ocean, for the purpose of observing it from several points simultaneously, for astronomical purposes.

SUBMARINE TELEGRAPHS MULTIPLY FAST.—There is a wire from Dover to Calais, under the British Channel. There is a wire from Ostend to Dover, under the German Ocean. Dublin and Liverpool are connected by a wire under the Irish Sea. Vienna and Sebastopol are linked by a wire under an arm of the Black Sea. The Ionian Isles are next year to be wired fast to Greece. Algeria is to be fastened to France, Malta to England, and Egypt to Constantinople. The London Telegraph Operator, in 1858, will hold in his hand wires running to the four quarters of the globe, as easily as a coachman gathers up the reins of a four-in-hand.

HON. HOWELL COBB has issued a book from the Georgia press, for private circulation, entitled "Scriptural Examination of the Institution of Slavery," intended to prove that the development of slavery in the United States is calculated to secure "civil and religious liberty" to the race of Africa. It is freely distributed among public men, with the author's compliments.

THE CROP OF INDIAN CORN.—It is stated that recent investigations show that the Indian corn crop of the United States is of more value than any other agricultural production, not even excepting cotton. The culture of corn has wonderfully increased of late years—its ratio of increase being far greater than any other product. From 1839 to 1849, as per census returns, the increase was fifty-eight per cent. Wool is the next highest, its increase being fifty per cent.; cotton twenty-four, oats twenty, and wheat sixteen.—The cotton crop of 1851 was 927,000,000 of pounds, valued at $112,000,000, while the corn crop of 1850 was 592,000,000 of bushels, which, at the lowest possible price at which it can be estimated, is of far greater value than the cotton crop.

A NEW SPECULATION.—Some enterprising individuals have purchased all the trees growing on the Mount Vernon estate, and intend to convert them into Washington canes. The supply will be found always equal to the demand, no doubt.

THE St. Louis papers state that the steamer *Amazon*, belonging to that city, has been furnished with a steam organ, like that of the *Glen Cove*, running on the Hudson river.

A NEW SUGAR CANE.—The Chicago (Ill.) Free Press has the following remarkable statement of a correspondent: "I am well convinced that in 1860 the Southern planter will have no sale for his sugar in the State of Illinois. From present indications there will be one hundred acres of Chinese sugar cane raised in Wabash county next year, which will save the county $10,000."

NASHVILLE, Dec. 10.—There have been exciting rumors here of expected slave insurrections; but all is quiet now. No outbreak has occurred, and there is at present no anxiety on the subject."

The correspondent of the Louisville Courier, at Hopkinsville, Kentucky, says that the Hopkinsville company, which was despatched to Lafayette, found the people at the latter place more scared than hurt, and, in consequence, finding no occasion for their aid, returned home the next day.

THE Indianapolis Journal states that there were 5,000 applicants for the post of messenger, to carry the Electoral vote of Indiana to Washington. Every township but two in the State furnished one or more applicants.

THE first certain information of the existence of a North-West Passage was brought by a whale, who having carried off a flag or sword of the enemy, in the shape of an harpoon, with the name of the vessel it belonged to, from one side of North America, was captured on the other side of the continent the next spring with the weapon deeply buried in his flesh.

THE treasuries of India are stated to contain £18,000,000.

SALE OF STOCK.—The following "short horns," were lately sold in Fayette, Ky., as the property of the late Benjamin Warfield:—Fourteen cows brought $3,265—average price $233 21. The highest price paid was $455, by Dr. R. J. Breckinridge, for Lady Fairy, imported in 1850, by the Northern Kentucky Importing Co., and sold by them for $1,100. Ten heifers brought $2,855 50—average $285 50. Highest price paid $605, for Lady Fairy, 2nd, 18 months old. Seven bulls brought $1,510—average price $209. The highest price was $650, for imported Chilton—he cost in 1853 $3,005.

SILK CULTIVATION.—A few counties in Kentucky, in common with several in Tennessee, Indiana, Ohio, &c., grow the mulberry and produce raw silk to a small extent. It has been very satisfactorily demonstrated, especially in Kentucky and Tennessee, that this crop will pay better than three-fourths of all other farm productions; but owing to recollections of the "multicaulis fever," and ignorance of the rural population as to the management of the worms, the lightness of the labor, and the quickness and certainty of the return, silk raising is not adopted generally among the crops of these several States.

THE SHAKERS.—The number of Shaker Societies in this country is eighteen, located in several different States. The denomination was founded by Anne Lee, who was born in 1736.

NEW SEWING MACHINE.—R. C. Gardiner, of Detroit, Michigan, claims to have invented a sewing machine no longer than a pair of scissors, which will do work in first rate style, and can be sold for one dollar. Another is to be sold for ten dollars.

ANOTHER BLOODLESS DUEL.—Mr. Bagby, who figured recently in the bloodless duel with Mr. Irving, subsequently challenged Mr. Hawsley for his strictures in the Richmond Enquirer, on the former's article entitled "A Virginia Editor," in Harper's Magazine for December. The parties went to Washington to fight, but mutual friends having settled the difficulty, in the absence of pistols, they returned to Virginia.

THE Bank of East Tennessee, as also all its branches, have been finally closed.

CANNIBALISM NOT EXTINCT.—A recent letter from Australia states that two missionaries and their wives had been murdered and eaten by the savages of the New Hebrides, Polynesia, a short time before.

POSTSCRIPT.

LATEST FROM EUROPE.

The steamship City of Baltimore with Liverpool dates to the 3d inst., arrived at Cape Island on Dec. 15th.

It is reported that England at length agrees with the other powers to re-open the Conference of Paris, and it is said it will shortly meet at Paris.

An insurrection is telegraphed as having broken out near Palermo, Sicily, under Baron Bentrenda, who had some five or six hundred troops.

Geo. D. Mathew, late British Consul to Philadelphia, has been appointed Consul General to Odessa.

The Russian Minister has received orders to suspend all communications with the Swiss Government, and to quit Berne.

The Swiss Federal Council has decided to decline the suggestion of the Emperor Napoleon, for the liberation of the Neufchatel prisoners.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.—Liverpool, December 3.—Messrs Richardson, Spence & Co.'s Circular quotes Cotton as steady at last quotations.

Breadstuffs—There is a better feeling in the market, and it closed firm. Fine qualities of Wheat have improved most. Red Wheat 8s. 3d.@8s. 9d.; White Wheat dull, and prices generally unchanged; sales at 9s. 3d. @10s. For Flour buyers demand a slight reduction. Baltimore and Philadelphia Flour, 32s.@33s. 6d.; Ohio 33s.@35s. 6d.; the latter is obtained only for retail sales.

Corn dull, and there are more sellers than buyers.—Mixed Corn, 33s.; Yellow Corn, 33s. 3d.; White Corn, 34s.@35s.

LONDON MONEY MARKET, Dec. 2.—The money market is generally unchanged.

MANCHESTER MARKETS.—The markets generally are steady with an improved demand.

PROVISIONS.—For Beef there is an improved demand, but all grades have declined, the middling and lower qualities having declined most. Pork dull and unchanged. Bacon generally dull. Lard—Quotations are nominal at 34s., but sellers for the year are making sales at 75s.

NEWS ITEMS.

W. T. LAWRENCE, of Rochester, his father, and F. S. Lawrence, and about twenty others, are said to have been found to be true heirs to the immense estate left in England for an unknown Lawrence family. Mr. W. T. Lawrence intends visiting Europe to prosecute his claims.

A MAN, named Patrick McIntyre, in New York, owing to disappointment in some love affair, took a heavy dose of laudanum recently, and had nearly succeeded in "shuffling off his mortal coil," when some medical friend ordered him to be stripped to the skin, and had him severely flogged with a leather strap. This process lasted five minutes, and the result was Patrick's restoration to life, after his friends had given him up for dead.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—The Legislature, on the 9th, on the first ballot, elected the Hon. R. F. W. Alston as Governor of the State. Hon. G. Cannon was elected Lieutenant Governor.

The Special Committee of the Legislature, on the Governor's recommendation to re-open the slave trade, have reported, asking leave to sit during the recess, and report at the next session.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 14.—A case is set down for argument in the Supreme Court to-morrow, which will involve the constitutionality of the Missouri Compromise. There is much speculation regarding the result, which is awaited with considerable interest.

A German with whom Bayard Taylor formed a friendship has conveyed to him, as a free gift, a beautiful residence built in 1760 by one of the ministers of Ernest II. Lucky traveller!

A Peep at English Domestic Life.

We find in the Washington (S. C.) Journal the following extract from a letter written by one of the officers of the U. S. steam frigate Merrimac, dated Southampton, Oct. 8:

We have been visited a great deal here, especially by navy men, and have created something of an excitement in the naval world, judging by the pieces in the papers. Much attention has been paid us ashore, too, especially by two families—one that of an old East India General, the other that of Lord Hardwicke. Gen. Frazier has passed most of his life in India, and now lives in ease and comfort on the Southampton Water. At a dinner at his house we had an opportunity of seeing how the aristocracy live here. Lord Hardwicke and family, and several other guests, were there to meet us, and everything was in splendid style. One turbaned Indian, with several other servants, waited at table. The plate was superb, and the dinner the most *recherche*. We sat down to the table at half-past seven. These are always opaulet and sword occasions.

Lord Hardwicke's family consists of his countess, his eldest son (about 18 or 20, and Lord Royston by courtesy), three of the finest looking daughters you ever saw, and several younger sons. The daughters—Lady Elizabeth, Lady Mary, and Lady Agnita—are surpassingly beautiful: such development, such rosy cheeks, laughing eyes, and unaffected manners you rarely see combined. They take a great deal of out-door exercise, and come aboard the Merrimac in a heavy rain, with Irish shoes thicker-soled than you or I ever wore, and cloaks and dresses almost impervious to wet. They steer their father's yacht, walk the Lord knows how many miles, and don't care a cent about rain, besides doing a host of other things that would shock our ladies to death; and yet in the parlor are the most elegant-looking women in their satin shoes and diamonds I ever saw.

The countess, in her coronet of jewels, is an elegant lady, and looks like a fit mother for three such women. His lordship has given us three or four dinners. He lives here merely during the yachting season, and leaves on Friday for his country seat of Cambridge, where he spends his winter, as do all English gentlemen of means, hunting, &c., and when Parliament is in session he lives in London in his town house. Here he has a host of servants, and they wear the gaudiest livery—white plush knee-breeches and vests, white silk stockings and low shoes. Lord Hardwicke's brother is Dean of York, a High Church dignitary; has two pretty daughters, and is himself a jolly gentleman.

After dinner the ladies play and sing for us, and the other night they got up a game of blind man's buff, in which the ladies said we had the advantage, inasmuch their "petticoats rustled so that they were easily caught." They call things by their names here. In the course of the game, Lord Hardwicke himself was blindfolded, and, trying to catch some one, fell over his daughter's lap on the floor, when two or three of the girls caught him by the legs, and dragged his lordship, roaring with laughter, as we all were, on his back into the middle of the floor. Yet they are perfectly respectful, but appear on a perfect equality with each other. In fact, the English are a great people. Two clubs have offered us the use of their rooms.

NEWS FROM CALIFORNIA.—The steamship Texas from San Juan arrived at New Orleans on Dec. 10th, with California dates to the 28th of Nov.

The steamship George Law from Aspinwall, arrived at New York on Dec. 13th, with the California mails to the 20th ult.

The vote of California is as follows: Buchanan 60,000; Fillmore 35,000; Fremont 19,000. The Democrats have a majority in both houses of the Legislature.

It is said that $20,000 changed hands on the election in Yuba county.

Considerable rain has fallen throughout the State, and the prospects of the miners are excellent. New and rich diggings have been discovered in several portions of the mining region.

Wirsen, the snake charmer, who was bitten by a rattle snake, at Sacramento, has nearly recovered. He intends to pursue the same occupation.

The markets at San Francisco were dull.

The news from Nicaragua is important. Gen. Walker has won a series of battles with the combined Central Americans. On the 10th of November, Gen. Hornsley, with a force of 200 men attacked and defeated 1,100 Central Americans under the Costa Rica General Canos. There had been also, four days hard fighting at Massaya, ending in the entire defeat of the Central Americans.

General Walker, after the battle at Massaya, returned to Granada, and after giving the inhabitants three days' notice of his intentions, in order to allow time for the removal of all valuables, set fire to the town, and destroyed it even to the last vestige. He then removed all his effects, men, and the inhabitants to Rivas, which will hereafter be the capital of Nicaragua.

A naval battle had taken place between the Nicaraguan war schooner Granada, Capt. Foysoux, and a Costa Rican brig of war three times her size. The Costa Rican vessel was blown up and destroyed, with all on board.

The above is the New Orleans news agents account. But the passengers of the steamship Tennessee, which arrived at Key West from Nicaragua, with news to the 4th inst., tell a very different story regarding Walker's affairs. They say that Gen. Walker had been driven from every place except the Transit route, and at last accounts his forces, to the number of four hundred men, were at Granada, surrounded by the Costa Ricans and the forces of San Salvador and Guatemala.

Furthermore they state that he was on board a steamer on the Lake, and without communication with his army. His men were regarded as in a critical position, and were suffering for want of provisions and clothing, and dying off by disease.

The destruction of Granada is believed to have been for the purpose of driving the enemies of Walker entirely from the city—its strongly built houses being frequently used by them as fortresses, and affording advantages not accessible to the Americans.

Massaya had also been burned—probably, for the same reason. The only intelligence from Nicaragua, received by the George Law, is the mere fact that four soldiers arrived at Panama having escaped from the Rivas party. They represent that Walker's men were in great destitution, and falling victims to the cholera, which was making frightful ravages in their

GLANCES AT MY LAST CRUISE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY AN OFFICER OF THE NORTH PACIFIC SURVEYING AND EXPLORING EXPEDITION.

"WHAT I THERE SAW AND THOUGHT."

In my last letter I engaged to tell the reader in this, my next, what it was that I saw and thought while seated upon a pile of deer skins in the bowl-like apartment of one of the houses of the Kamtschadale village opposite the coal deposit, which we of the old John had discovered on the west coast of Kamtschatka, in latitude 61 deg., 15 min. north, and now in the fulfillment of my promise, I shall commence by telling what it was that I saw as I seated myself upon the pile of deer skins and looked around me.

I saw a very large apartment of a circular form, possessing a diameter of probably forty feet, a height of some fifteen in the centre, and which decreased, dome-like, as it neared the ground. In the centre of the curved ceiling there was quite a large aperture, and directly under this were piled a number of hearth stones over and about which a lately built fire was smoking itself into a state of fitful blaziness in honor of our discovered approach and subsequent arrival.

Two boys of about the ages of eight and ten respectively, were seated upon their haunches near it, watching its growing power, and adding dry fragments of fuel as the occasion required. They also were dressed in tanned skins with the hair inside, and though of very small stature, were still rigged out in every respect like their elder companions. They even had the two knives stuck in sockets worked in their trowsers below the knee, the larger of which was intended to fight bear with, while the smaller was used for cutting their food, &c.

We soon found that we were in the house of the man who carried the smooth-bore flint rifle, and that these two little fellows were his youngest children, while the other two, whom we had first met, were his older ones; the four constituting the male portion of his family. Where were the feminines? "We looked around and asked in vain," the only satisfaction we obtained being a wave of the head-man's hand towards the mountains, which we took to infer that they had been sent back into the country for safe keeping.

As the fire blazed brightly, and lit up the gloomy recesses of the vast apartment with its uncertain light, we saw that there were two apartments in one. That is, the fire was in the centre of a circle of some twenty feet diameter, which put me very much in mind of the ring of a circus, the circumference of said circle being marked by upright-posts that reached up to and supported the ceiling. These posts were planted about four feet apart, and between them and the earthen sides of the house there was a raised platform of whale ribs, rough planks, flat pieces of drift wood, &c., &c., over which was spread any number of bear and deer skins upon which we were more than once invited to recline, but as there were strong indications of the existence of vermin within their hairy depths, we confined ourselves to those on the edge of the platform, which latter being about a foot high made a very comfortable seat as long as we kept our feet upon the earthen flooring of "the ring."

The posts to which were nailed the inner ends of the scantling upon which the platform was laid, were simply sections of the dwarfed arctic pine, with the bark peeled off and the knots smoothed away with a knife, but they had been smoked for so long a time, and taken hold of by so many greasy hands, and rubbed against by so many greasy clothes, that they had become as black and polished as so many pieces of ebony.

After we had been seated a few minutes in this singular and uninteresting habitation, the smoke began to get so thick as to cause us to rub our eyes, and finally to weep outright, which the head-man perceiving, he spoke a few words to one of his sons, who went and opened the door at the outer end of the long passage, when in less than a minute our enemy vanished through the aperture, the door was again closed, the passing current of air died a natural death, and the fire again began to warm the chilled atmosphere and to fill the room once more with smoke. They had to resort to the process of opening the door about every fifteen minutes after that, and upon one occasion they not only admitted a relieving current of air, but also the remnant of the then population of the village, consisting of two men and one small boy, who shook hands with us most affectionately, and pronounced the word "brandy" several times with remarkable distinctness, while with their hands and mouths they went through the motion of drinking. There was no mistaking their meaning, so the doctor hauled out a quart bottle of French punch, and gave them a pretty stiff horn all round. This they enjoyed excessively, even the small boys crowding forward to share in the unusual treat.

The doctor, however, did not relish the idea of giving strong drink to such small specimens of the human family, and told their father as much, by signs, but the latter laughed and motioned him to let him have the bottle and cup a moment, when he poured out about half a gill for each of them, and slapped them on the back as they coughed over its unexpected strength. Then he poured out all that was left, drank it down like water, and pitched the empty bottle to one of his still choking offspring, who stowed it away for future use, under the side of the roof where it met the ground.

It was subsequently a subject of great surprise to us, to see how much those people could drink and still not appear affected by it. This head-man in particular, I once saw drink a quart bottle of gin in less than half-an-hour, and the only difference it made in him was, that he became somewhat rougher in his manner towards those under him, and slightly unsteady in his gait. I tried to imagine how it was that they could drink so much without being made drunk, and could only attribute it to the extremely greasy nature of their food, and to the excessive cold of their winters which called for a vast amount of animal heat.

Soon after the arrival of the "remnant of the population," and immediately after the destruction of the bottle of punch, the head-man made signs to us that he was about to cook us some dinner, and as we were both hungry and curious to see their mode of cooking, we expressed ourselves highly delighted at his hospitality. I don't suppose, however, that any of us thought for a moment of eating anything he might get up, though we *were* quite hungry, for everything around us looked so greasy and dirty, that it was hard to imagine anything clean on the premises.

There was a fine fire underway by this time, and the first thing they did was to plant a tripod-like structure over it, from the vertex of which hung a long iron pot-hook, from which in turn was to be suspended some as yet unseen vessel. One of the small boys next rummaged this unseen vessel out of a distant corner, and to our surprise it proved to be a very civilized looking iron pot, which he at once commenced to clean with great energy in our presence. This cleaning he accomplished through the instrumentality of a plenty of fresh water, several handsfull of sand, and three or four bunches of clean hay, and when he gave it its last "rinsing out," *the pot was decidedly clean*; there was no fault to be found with *it*. I began to think for the first time that some of us *might* partake of their food after all.

We asked them where they had got their pot from, and were told that a whale ship had presented it to them many years back, in exchange for a mountain elk that they had carried on board, and that they would like to carry another mountain elk on board of a ship, and bring another pot on shore; so we entered into such an agreement, much to our mutual joy.

Their next proceeding was to haul several halves of fine-looking salmon out of a greasy-looking seal skin bag, which they cut on a clean piece of board, into pieces as long as one's hand, washed well in a pail of water, packed into the pot, adding a pint or so of water, sprinkled a little salt over all (they collect salt from crevices in the rocks along the sea shore at low water, after a hot sun has shone for some hours), put on the broken lid, and finally hung it on the pot hook, where it soon began to simmer away in fine style, and to give forth an odor that was anything but unpleasant. The fact of the fish having been hauled out of a greasy-looking seal skin bag, was the only drawback to our appetites, and that was speedily overcome, for we had walked many heavy miles, and it was long past our usual dinner hour.

When the head-man, therefore, took half of the lid off, and picked out a piece for each one, which he put upon fragments of a New York paper which one of us had carried along, we all held out our hands as he passed around, and fell to work, cautiously at first, but finally with a will that looked very promising. The natives, too, attacking what was left in the pot, with their knives, fingers, and teeth, the "several halves of fine-looking smoked salmon," were soon among the things that were, and another bottle of punch being opened, and pipes lit, we began to enjoy ourselves while thus helping the expiring fire to get up the usual amount of smoke.

We all had our own pipes; we having carried with us some that we had got in Japan, and the natives having some which had been obtained through the Russians. The tobacco of our hosts was, however, running most alarmingly short, and I never saw men indulge in more extravagant demonstrations of joy than they did when Vel Lager pulled out a pound plug and told them that he would not only give them an iron pot, but that he would fill it with such pieces in return for one of their long talked of mountain elk.

The head-man, immediately after composing himself, reached for his gun, took aim at an imaginary elk, and clucked his tongue, as much as to say, wait until I get a chance, won't I fetch one down? after which he replaced it carefully and begged for another drink.

In this way we rested ourselves and smoked away for something like an hour, when after bartering a few pieces of tobacco and the second empty bottle for several of the cleanest looking skins, we passed again through the long passage way into the open air, and accompanied by our hosts, crossed over the mud flat in advance of the rising tide, and reached our friends at the coal mine just as they were knocking off work previous to returning on board for the night. We therefore rewarmed ourselves at their blazing coal fire, reshouldered our guns and skins, and walked along down the beach to meet a boat that was coming up with the tide to take us off.

Soon we reached her, and then our native friends bade us farewell, with the promise to visit us on board, and to bring with them one of the longed-for "Mountain Elk," the quality of whose meat we were anxious to compare with our usual diet of "salt junk" and sour bread. It is useless, I suppose, to repeat "the old story." *They* got their pot stuck full of plugs of *tobacco*, we —continued to luxuriate upon salt junk, and the "Elk" to "leap from crag to crag, to the eminent terror of imaginary beholders."

TURNER'S PICTURES.

The crown and paragon of the collection of Turner's pictures, the very flower and climax of the band, is the *Fighting Temeraire tugged to her last Berth*, which stands out from amongst them as a great flame-colored Mexican cactus, the very emperor of flowers, would do in a nosegay of simple primroses. We place it first of all his works, because it excels in color all landscapes, we might almost say, in the world;—we place it first, because it excels in *color*, and it was as a colorist that Turner excelled almost all painters. It is wonderful for all the qualities of color, for brilliancy, contrast, breadth, tone, transparency, and light. And all these fantasies are lavished on one of the simplest of heroic themes:—an old man-of-war being towed to her last moorings—her grave—where, her life well spent, she will return to those primitive elements from whence her oaks first sprang. She is towed by a steamer, late in the sunset, which is smouldering fiercely out of the sky, and beyond the whirlpool of crimson and yellow, and the flame-streak of vermilion, a blue haze is creeping up the river to meet the night. Grand and warrior-like, stern, and like an unconquered veteran, proud of trophy and scar, the Temeraire moves on, with its lance-like masts erect, its broad hull looming stupendous and threatening over a water red as with the blood of past battles. A grand and touching sight is the old ship, so vast and thunderous in its sleeping and now well-nigh exhausted might—so staunch, so true and indomitable it is. The tug seems to convoy it gently and lovingly, as the enormous bulk whitens and troubles the water. To the right we see dim through the blue vapory twilight a factory, and masts and chimneys, all hinted with a divine art which astonishes and delights us. To the left of the sunset that still dominates and sways its dying torches rises the moon, cooling the picture with delicious semitones of gray and purple, that fade away into pearl. Just below the sunset, the chief focus of light in the picture, rolls and wallows a huge black buoy, forming a mass which leads the eye to the strange shadows of the steamer's bows, brightening from dark brown to a yellow and more luminous duskiness. From the broad vermilion splash that is the core of the sunset to the pale blue and pearl of the moon-region of the picture, is a grand compass for any painter's brush, and needed a hundred-fingered man and a ten-horse power of brain to paint.—*Athenæum.*

TRUE NOBILITY.—To live nobly, we must be noble—and we become noble by resolutely banishing every unworthy thought and feeling.—This is as much a part of a good life as sedulously fulfilling the offices of affection. Some persons feel that devoting the whole life to family duties, is the only safe thing. They prize so highly the satisfaction of filling their ideal of life that they are afraid to enlarge it.

ROBIN REDBREAST.

(A CHILD'S SONG.)

Good-bye, good-bye to Summer!
For Summer's nearly done;
The garden smiling faintly,
Cool breezes in the sun;
Our throstles now are silent,
Our swallows flown away,—
But Robin's here, in coat of brown,
And scarlet breast-knot gay.
Robin, Robin Redbreast,
Oh, Robin dear!
Robin sings so sweetly
In the falling of the year.

Bright yellow, red, and orange,
The leaves come down in hosts;
The trees are Indian Princes,
But soon they'll turn to Ghosts;
The leathery pears and apples
Hang russet on the bough;
It's Autumn, Autumn, Autumn late,
'Twill soon be Winter now.
Robin, Robin Redbreast,
Oh, Robin dear!
And what will this poor Robin do?
For pinching days are near.

The fireside for the cricket,
The wheatstack for the mouse,
When trembling night-winds whistle
And moan all round the house;
The frosty ways like iron,
The branches plumed with snow,—
Alas! in Winter dead and dark
Where can poor Robin go?
Robin, Robin Redbreast,
Oh, Robin dear!
And a crumb of bread for Robin,
His little heart to cheer.

W. ALLINGHAM.

CLERICAL ODDITIES OF THE OLDEN TIME.

FROM SPRAGUE'S ANNALS OF THE AMERICAN PULPIT.

JOHN HANCOCK.

In the period of Mr. Hancock's ministry, while the country was newly settled, and the bounds of estate not well fixed, it frequently happened that his parishioners would find it difficult to settle the bounds of their respective estates. On such occasions, Mr. Hancock volunteered his services as arbitrator and final judge. He would repair to the house of one of the contending parties, and address him by his Christian name, as was the custom of the clergy, except when speaking to such as were technically called "Gentlemen." "Joseph," says the minister, "I hear you quarrel with neighbor Reed"—if that was the name. "Why," says the man, "we didn't really get our horns together." "Ah, but I hear you quarrel with him—about your lands, I suppose it is." "Yes, sir." "Well, take your deed and your plan, and come over to Reuben's with me."

They go together to the neighbor's house, and, after the usual salutations, very humble on the one side, and very lofty on the other, the minister says: "Well, Reuben, I have brought Joseph along with me to settle the quarrel between ye—get your deed and your plan." Then he compared the two, heard the rival claims, went to the spot, attended by some of the other neighbors, and walked back and forth, looking at the premises; then, having made up his mind, he would say: "Take your axes and cut some stakes." They are cut. "Drive this stake down here, and pile some stones around it." That was done. "Now drive that stake down there, and pile some stones around that." It was done accordingly. Then he would say, "Now, Reuben and Joseph, your line runs there, and there let it run forever! That is your land, Joseph, and that is your land, Reuben, and let us have no more quarrelling about this matter."

This clerical manner of getting a *judicium rusticum* was effectual. There was no appeal. Substantial justice was done, litigation was avoided, and good feeling restored. His manner on such occasions, and the assumption of authority attending it, procured him the title of *Bishop Hancock*—not a very pleasant name to the men who gave it.

The following story illustrates his self-reliance and independence. If the latter part of his ministry, while he was quite aged, but still hale and vigorous, and not a little disposed to use his authority, the two deacons, and, perhaps, others in the church, thought it was necessary to put some check upon the good old man. So, on a set time, the deacons went to his house to propose that they should have Ruling Elders in the church. It was thought to be a difficult matter to propose the business to so lofty a man—so the ablest of the deacons undertook it—after the following fashion: "We think, sir," said he, "that on account of your great age, you ought to have some assistance from the church, in your numerous assiduous labors." "Ah," says Mr. Hancock, who knew what was coming, "I know I am old and I suppose I am feeble, too—I thank the church for their kindness. But how do they propose to help me?" "Oh," said the deacon, "they thought they would appoint two Ruling Elders to divide the care of the church with you. But they did not wish to do so without your consent." "Well, I should like it," said he, "perhaps they would choose you to the office." The deacons concurred in the opinion. "They couldn't do better; you might be of great help to me. But what do you think is the business of Ruling Elders?" saith he. "Oh," said the aspirants to the office, thinking the difficulty all over, "we will leave that to you—you are a learned man, and have studied the history of the Church." "Yes," said he, "I have studied ecclesiastical history a good deal, and paid particular attention to Church discipline and government, and I think I know what the Ruling Elders ought to do." "We leave it wholly to you to say what part of your labors they shall attend to," remarked the deacons. "Well, then," said the Bishop, "I should like to have one of them come up to my house before meeting on Sunday, and get my horse out of the barn, and then saddle him and bring him up to the door, and hold the stirrup while I get on. The other may wait at the church door and hold him while I get off; then, after meeting, he may bring him up to the steps. This is all of my work I ever can consent to let the Ruling Elders do for me." The office has remained vacant to the present day.

The following shows that he could be facetious as well as episcopal. He once visited a wealthy farmer, one of his best friends, who was in the habit of making him presents from time to time. He went to visit the family once; it was in haying time, and the men folks were at a distance in the meadow, so he only saw the farmer's wife and the younger children. It was in the forenoon, and she got him for luncheon some brown bread and cider, and set before him a whole cheese that he might cut for himself. He put his knife on the cheese, first this way and then that, as if in doubt where to begin. "Where shall I cut this cheese, Mrs. Smith?" asked he. "Cut it where you have a mind to, Mr. Hancock," was the answer. "Then," said he, "I think I will cut it at home!" So, slices of cheese were brought for the lunch, and the whole cheese put in his saddle bags.

FATHER MOODY.

[The following anecdotes of Father Moody, who was ordained in York, Maine, in 1700, are thus narrated by Rev. Mr. Sewell, of Chesterville, Maine:]

Father Moody's first wife was the sister of my grandfather, and was the mother of his three children. His daughter, Mary, was the wife of Mr. Joseph Emerson, who was minister in those days in Malden near Boston. Mr. Emerson used to write out his sermons correctly, before he preached them; whereas Father Moody wrote but little, and was rather scattering in his manner of preaching. Mr. Emerson would now and then take his wife home, and spend a Sabbath with her father, and give the people a couple of his good written sermons. Numbers of Father Moody's hearers were very much taken with Mr. Emerson's well-studied discourses. "Oh, what instructive sermons—we can learn something from *them*"—they were wont to say. Father Moody found it out, and thought within himself, "If I should once in a while write out a sermon in full, perhaps I might benefit those people who do not so well relish my random fires." So he concluded to put the matter to trial, and wrote a sermon with this object in view. After opening the meeting as usual, he began to read his manuscript, and kept on reading till he got tired; and then stopped and looked round upon the people and said, "Emerson must be Emerson, and Moody must be Moody. I feel as if I had my head in a bag. You call Moody a rambling preacher, and it is true enough; but his preaching will do to catch up rambling sinners—you are all runaways from the Lord." And so he went on his old way; he would not submit to be trammelled at that rate.

At a meeting of the Association to which he belonged, held at his own house, the ministers undertook to call him to an account for his odd expressions and backhanded strokes. "Father Moody, we do not think you do right." "Why, what have I done?" "Why, we are told that at such a time you expressed yourself so and so. Now, you know whether it is true or not. If it is, we do think you ought to be more careful; for you are liable by such a course to injure the good cause." He made no answer, but stepped into his study, and soon returned with a memorandum of twenty or thirty cases of the hopeful conversion of persons who had been awakened by just such expressions as his brethren were condemning. As he read it over to them with the dates, &c., they looked at each other with no little surprise, and one of them remarked, "If the Lord owns Father Moody's oddities, we must let him take his own way," and to this they all agreed.

One morning, late in the fall, after snow had began to come, he rose early, before his wife, and while he was making a fire in his kitchen, there came in a poor woman and asked if Madam Moody had not an old pair of shoes that were better than hers, that would keep her feet from the snow and cold ground. Mr. Moody took his wife's shoes and gave her, and she went off highly delighted. By-and-bye, when Mrs. Moody arose and could find nothing of her shoes, Mr. Moody, hearing her inquire for them, said, "I gave them away to such a poor woman this morning." "Why, Mr. Moody, how could you do so when you knew they were all the shoes I had in the world?" "Never mind; the Lord will send in another pair before night, I don't doubt." And the prediction was verified; in the course of the day a new pair of shoes was actually sent to her.

A couple of strangers called on Father Moody one day early in the afternoon. Their horses were put out, and he took them into the sitting-room and engaged in conversation with them. His wife opened a door from another room and beckoned to him to come to her. He went, and she said to him in a low tone: "Dear Mr. Moody, what shall we do? We have nothing to set before these men for dinner." "Never mind; set the table, and I do not doubt that the Lord will send us something by dinner time." One of his church members, who lived in sight, and saw the men call at the parsonage, said to her daughters: "There are a couple of strangers gone to Mr. Moody's, and I guess it is pretty short times with them; let us prepare a dinner and send it in." They did so, and thus the set table was furnished in season.

When Cape Breton was taken the first time, Father Moody served as chaplain. After the capture was effected, the officers of the navy and land forces dined together. Some of Mr. Moody's friends, who knew his partiality for long services, were apprehensive that he would be so long asking a blessing, that the food would get cold before they could commence eating it. When dinner was ready, Gen. Pepperell spoke to Mr. Moody, and he came to the table, lifting up both hands and saying: "Oh, Lord, we have so much to bless Thee for we must refer it to eternity, for time is too short; so bless our food and fellowship for Christ's sake." His friends were so agreeably disappointed, that they took down his *long* blessing in writing, and brought it home, and by that means I obtained it.

Among Mr. Moody's stated hearers there was a young man who took special pains, when he had a new pair of shoes to creak, or a new garment to show, to come into meeting after the service had commenced. After having annoyed Mr. Moody in this manner for some time, he came in, as he usually did, one morning during the prayer, and had to walk a considerable distance in the house before he reached his seat. The moment he stopped in his seat, Mr. Moody, with an elevated tone of voice, exclaimed: "Oh, Lord, we pray Thee, cure Ned Ingraham of that ungodly strut!"

Mr. Moody, on one occasion, observed quite a number of his hearers asleep. He stopped in his sermon and cried out at the top of his voice: "Fire, fire, fire." One man, waking out of a sound sleep, asked in the utmost consternation, "Where?" "In hell, for sleepy sinners," answered the preacher.

When he settled in York, he refused to have a stated salary, preferring to live upon charity and faith. After he became advanced in years, his people inserted in their warrant for a parish meeting, an article to see if the parish would settle a salary upon him. The circumstance having been communicated to him, he attended the meeting, and when that article was called up he earnestly opposed it. His friends reminded him that age was creeping upon him, that he received but a meagre support, and that the little he did get was principally from some of his best friends, and that such a course operated very unequally. He inquired who his best friends were, and, without waiting for an answer, mentioned a number of persons, and asked if they were not among them. It was admitted that they were. "And are they not," added he, "the best livers in town?" "Yes," was the answer. "Yes," responded he, "and so they always will be, so long as they lay themselves out for the support of the Gospel." He persevered in his determination; and, as he began in that way, he resolved to see it through, though I have understood that he did not recommend the course to others.

MATHER BYLES.

Dr. Byles had rendered himself obnoxious to the Revolutionists by his obvious inclination to the side of the King of England. His unpopularity on this account quickened the perceptions of the people, so that they discerned in his life and conversation much that was unbecoming in a minister of the Gospel. It was therefore determined by his parishioners that, as soon as practicable, measures should be taken to dismiss him. Accordingly, after the city had been evacuated by the British, and the people had returned from the country towns to which they had fled, and begun to "put things to right," the members of the Church in Hollis Street mustered themselves, and prepared to deal with their minister, as they were in duty bound. Notice was given that, on a certain day, the church would meet their pastor, and show cause why a mutual council should be called to dissolve the relation of parties.

My father (says Rev. S. J. May) went to the meeting-house at the time appointed, to see and hear all that should transpire. The scene was a desolate one. Nothing was standing on the floor of the house but the pulpit and the stove. The male members of the church were already assembled, and seated in one of the galleries, awaiting in silence, and some evident trepidation, the approach of the great man against whom they were to "prefer charges." In due time, the door opened slowly, and Dr. Byles entered the house with an imposing solemnity of manner. He was dressed in his ample flowing robes and bands, under a full bush-wig that had been recently powdered, surmounted by a large three-cornered hat. He walked from the door to the pulpit with a long and measured tread, ascended the stairs, hung his hat upon the peg and seated himself. After a few moments he turned with a portentous air toward the gallery where his accusers sat, and said: "If ye have aught to communicate, say on."

Then arose one of the deacons of the church, a man of diminutive stature and feeble voice, and having unfolded a manuscript, commenced reading: "The Church of Christ in Hollis street"—"Louder," said the Doctor, in his deep-toned sonorous voice. The deacon raised his voice and began again: "The Church of Christ in Hollis Street"—"Louder," said the Doctor, in a higher key. The little man in the gallery exerted himself to throw out his voice with more force, and read the third time the same words. "Louder," shouted the Doctor, "Louder, I say." At this the deacon strained himself to the utmost—and trembling with the effort and with dread of the angry man who sat before him, proceeded to read specifications of unministerial and otherwise improper conduct alleged against their pastor. When the third or fourth had been read, Dr. Byles rose and shouted out upon the top of his stentorian voice—"'Tis false, 'tis false; and the Church of Christ in Hollis Street knows that 'tis false!" At the same moment, seizing his hat, he planted it upon his head, descended hastily from the pulpit, and walked out of the church never to enter it again, leaving the deacon and the members to manage the matter in their own way and their own time.

I will add two or three other anecdotes concerning Dr. Byles, which I remember to have heard from my father, of which Mr. Tudor has made no record.

Soon after the arrival of the British troops that first came to Boston, Dr. Byles was riding by the Common on which they were encamped. "So, so," said he to the gentleman who accompanied him, "I perceive the American grievances are re-addressed." "Ah," replied his companion, "that won't do, Doctor; you have a double *d* there." "Well," cried the Doctor, "I have a right to the double *D*, and have had this ten years."

You may remember the lower tier of the windows of King's Chapel, in Boston, are but half the size of those of the upper tier. The church was erected at a time when the prejudices against Episcopalians were very bitter, and the style of the building was not a little ridiculed. Doctor Byles was passing by one day with a friend—"Ho," cried the Doctor, pointing to the low windows, "I had heard that the English Church was furnished with canons; but I did not know before that it also had port-holes."

LORD MELCOMBE AND SHEBBEARE.—When Lord Melcombe, then Bubb Doddington, was in the train of the Princess Dowager of Wales, he observed one day a pamphlet lying in one of the antechambers, which, upon perusal, he found reflected very sharply on many of the characters and intrigues of the court. The Princess saw him reading it, and asked him what he thought of it? He replied, that "it was a very artful, libellous performance, and might occasion some prejudice against her royal highness's servants if not immediately answered; and if your royal highness," said he, "will permit me to take it home, I believe I could answer it myself." The Princess thanked him for his kindness, and he took the book with him. However, not having time, or perhaps inclination, to fulfil his promise, he sent for Dr. Shebbeare, with whom he had some intimacy, and whom he knew to be an author by profession, and told him, if he had leisure to sit down and answer that pamphlet, he would be obliged to him, and he should be well paid into the bargain. Shebbeare, running his eye rather carelessly over the book, said it should be done. "Ay, but," said Doddington, "I wish to have it done well, as I have undertaken it immediately under the sanction of the Princess; and, to tell you the truth, though I have a very good opinion of your general knowledge, I am afraid you do not readily see the gist of this fellow's reasoning." Shebbeare, a little nettled at this, threw down the book in a kind of passion, and exclaimed, "Why, this is a hard censure, not to allow an author to understand his own work." "What do you mean?" said Doddington, quite astonished. "Why, I mean to say I wrote this pamphlet, and therefore I think I know how best to answer it."

THE LAND FOR THE LADIES.—In the King of Sweden's speech on the recent opening of the Swedish Diet, the following remarkable passage occurs: "A just appreciation of the rights of woman being a sure guarantee of her fidelity in the fulfilment of her duties and of her mission in the family, it is my intention to propose to you that unmarried women shall be considered of age at twenty-five, which is recognised in nearly all the States of Europe." Sweden is clearly the land for the ladies. There, it appears, that up to what is here considered the tolerably ripe age of twenty five, a girl is supposed to be in her minority, or nonage; in short, as we say, of no age at all. At thirty, we apprehend, she is still looked upon as quite "a young thing;" and, at about fifty, as being "in the prime of life." "Fat, fair, and sixty," is probably the formula, which, in Sweden, is expressive of female maturity; at seventy a damsel begins to be a little *passee*, and at eighty is considered to have attained to "a certain age."—*Punch.*

BATHING.

FROM HALL'S JOURNAL OF HEALTH.

Once a week is often enough for a decent white man to wash himself all over, and whether in summer or winter, that ought to be done with soap, warm water, and a hog's hair brush, in a room showing at least seventy degrees *Fahrenheit*. If a man is a pig in his nature, then no amount of washing will keep him clean, inside or out. Such an one needs a bath every time he turns round. He can do nothing neatly.

Baths should be taken early in the morning, for it is then that the system possesses the power of reaction in the highest degree. Any kind of bath is dangerous soon after a meal, or soon after fatiguing exercise. No man or woman should take a bath at the close of the day, unless by the advice of the family physician. Many a man, in attempting to cheat his doctor out of a fee, has cheated himself out of his life; aye, it is done every day.

The safest *mode* of a cold bath is a plunge into a river; the safest *time* is instantly after getting up. The necessary effort of swimming to shore compels a reaction, and the effect is delightful.

The best, safest, cheapest, and most universally accessible mode of keeping the surface of the body clean, besides the once-a-week washing, with soap, warm water, and hog's hair brush, is as follows:

Soon as you get out of bed in the morning, wash your face, hands, neck and breast; then, into the same basin of water, put both feet at once, for about a minute, rubbing them briskly all the time; then, with the towel, which has been dampened by wiping the face, feet, &c., wipe the whole body well, fast and hard, mouth shut, breast projecting. Let the whole thing be done within five minutes.

At night, when you go to bed, and whenever you get out of bed during the night, or when you find yourself wakeful or restless, spend from two to five minutes in rubbing your whole body, with your hands, as far as you can reach, in every direction. This has a tendency to preserve that softness and mobility of skin which is essential to health, and which too frequent washings will always destroy.

That precautions are necessary, in connection with the bath room, is impressively signified in the death of an American lady of refinement and position, lately, after taking a bath, soon after dinner; of Surgeon Hume, while alone, in a warm bath; and of an eminent New Yorker, under similar circumstances, all within a year.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

Though bonnets present no novelty in style or shape beyond what we have already noticed, yet variety in trimming, color, and material is constantly appearing. Black lace, very light in texture and pattern, is now much employed, in combination with velvet and ribbon, for trimming bonnets. Those ornamented with cross-rows of velvet, and having black lace intermingled with other trimming, are among the most fashionable. A bonnet of black velvet is trimmed round the edge with a narrow twist of black and amber-color velvet; a lappet of black lace crossing the top, passes round to the back of the bonnet, and falls over the curtain; a bird of paradise, variegated in golden hues, completes the outside trimming. In the inside, a narrow row of amber-color velvet edges the brim, and the trimming consists of white blonde and foliage in black and amber velvet. A bonnet in this same style has been made, with the substitution of green for amber-color velvet. Instead of the bird of paradise, two small ostrich feathers are employed, the one green and the other black, both drooping on the same side of the bonnet, and the cap is trimmed with bouquets of roses and green and black velvet foliage. Scarlet is becoming a favorite color for trimming black velvet bonnets. We have seen a bonnet of black velvet trimmed with a profusion of scarlet ribbon; another is ornamented with folds of black velvet, striped with narrow rows of scarlet velvet, and an ostrich feather, black streaked with scarlet. Scarlet fuchsias are intermingled with the white blonde, under the brim. Many of the new bonnets are composed of colored velvet. Of these may be mentioned one consisting of pale green velvet, trimmed with folds of velvet of a darker hue, and with green velvet foliage. Others are composed of blue, and of the various shades of brown velvet, and are trimmed with ribbon and tufts of small feathers. Frequently a bow of ribbon is placed above the curtain.

Having been requested to furnish some hints for bridesmaids' costume, we submit the following: The bonnets are usually white, and may be made of silk, therry velvet, or crinoline. They may have some color intermingled in the trimming. A bonnet of white therry velvet, prepared for a fashionable wedding, is trimmed with white roses and jasmin, a wreath of the same ornamenting the inside of the brim. Another bonnet of the same material has been trimmed with blonde and a tuft of white ostrich feathers. A bonnet of French chip is prettily trimmed on each side with bouquets of white lilac and clematis. Plain white or colored glace is a suitable material for a bridesmaid's dress. If colored silk is made choice of, it should be of some bright tint; for instance, blue, pink, sea-green, or peach-blossom. Cloaks of white or colored cashmere are those generally adopted at the present season of the year. If the dress be white, colored cloak should be worn; on the other hand, if the dress be colored, a white cloak will render the costume more effective. The cloak should be small and somewhat similar to the Opra cloak, both in shape and trimming. Whatever may be the number of the bridesmaids, custom enjoins that they should all be attired alike.—*London Lady's Paper, of Nov. 15th.*

LAFAYETTE AND WASHINGTON.—Lafayette, in his Memoirs, describes a review of Washington's army, which he witnessed.

"Eleven thousand men, but tolerably armed, and still worse clad, presented," he said, "a singular spectacle, in their parti-colored and often naked state. The best dresses were hunting-shirts of brown linen. Their tactics were equally irregular. They were arranged without regard to size, excepting that the smallest were in the front rank; with all this, they were good-looking soldiers, conducted by zealous officers."

"We ought to feel embarrassed," said Washington to him, "in presenting ourselves before an officer just from the French army."

"It is to learn, and not to instruct, that I came here," was Lafayette's apt and modest reply, and it gained him immediate popularity.

☞ Whiskers and cold weather seem to be coming on together. As the cold strengthens the hair lengthens. It is a sort of natural great coat for man's frontispiece, and don't look badly either. At least so the ladies think.

THE LAST FOOTFALL.

There is often sadness in the tone,
And a moisture in the eye,
And a trembling sorrow in the voice,
When we bid a last good-by.
But sadder far than this, I ween,
Oh sadder far than all,
Is the heart-throb with which we strain
To catch the last footfall.

The last press of a loving hand
Will cause a thrill of pain,
When we think, "Oh, should it prove that we
Shall never meet again?"
And as lingeringly the hands unclasp,
The hot, quick drops will fall;
But bitterer are the tears we shed
When we hear the last footfall.

We never felt how dear to us
Was the sound we loved full well,
We never knew how musical,
Till its last echo fell;
And till we heard it pass away
Far, far beyond recall,
We never thought what grief 'twould be
To hear that last footfall.

And years and days that long are passed,
And the scenes that *seemed* forgot,
Rush through the mind like meteor-light
As we linger on the spot,
And little things that were as nought,
But now will be our all,
Come to us like an echo low
Of the last, the last footfall!

MISS KIMBO'S DIARY;

OR,

A PLEA FOR THE LANDLADIES.

If the anonymous author has his privileges—its imperviousness to insult, his exemption from horsewhipping, his possible credit for all that is wise and brilliant—he has his disadvantages also; mingling in the great world-crowd, from which its villains and his heroes, his tyrants and his martyrs, are alike selected, he cannot, nameless though he be, go altogether unsuspected. The well-mobsman of society is on the alert, and has an uneasy consciousness that every literary detective is after *him*. General Satire appears to him but Private Lampoon; whenever he sees one of his wicked comrades circulating in black and white, "regardless of grammar, he cries out: That's me!" and not only this, for if he knows as much as one of our moral police force personally, he attributes at once his own capture and hobbeting to that person. I should be afraid to say how often I myself have been remonstrated with—in a pastoral, pleasant sort of way—by the bishop of this diocese, on occasions of any public exhibitions of the clergy in the newspapers—with which I have had no more to do than he—only because he is aware that I sometimes snatch an hour from my graver studies to chastise wicked... in high places. The prime-minister, also, on whom I know no one more agreeable and sparkling over his claret, shakes his finger at me playfully when the Times hits him, as though *I* only knew how to castigate folly; and the Duke of C———, whose position and connections prevent my speaking of him more particularly, is forever writing to me with respect to army mismanagement: "Of course, my dear fellow, it's all true, but tailor-colonels came in with the Fall it-self, and a nob is a nob; so don't be bitter against them." Thus, too—to descend a little—as the letter of furnished lodgings have been for some time held up to reprobation—and, as I must confess, with justice—in all sorts of journals, my landlady, Mrs. Kimbo, is of opinion that each fresh attack has had herself for its object, which has been written by me, her lodger. She reads me a good deal of the government of this country and our official world in this—that she is remarkably pervious to public opinion, without being in the least degree subject to improvement; indignant to excess at censure, but very far from having resolved not to deserve it.

It was not many weeks since I was engaged as usual in my own furnished apartment—which is an Englishman's castle, or anything like it—upon my great work which is about to supersede *Organum*, when Mrs. Kimbo flounced—nay, bellowed—into the room without knocking, holding a popular periodical, which shall be nameless, between her finger and thumb, as though it were a venomous reptile, gave utterance to these remarkable words:

"Yes, sir, if you please, sir, and begging your pardon, it's me." "No, I ain't angry, although I'm blin', which it is to be expected, worked up as I have been, and having let lodgings—yes, lodgings, and why not?—and ain't you ashamed of yourself, you wicked scribbler, this twenty year?" By which means nobody ever put me in print before, and I am come here, and don't go away without it, for an apologue. A poor hard-working woman to be held up, and none of it true, forty persons in the same row, or fifty, doing more, or worse, to first floor and to second every day of their lives and night. Now, I go for to deny it, sir; for let us be truthful and fear nothing, says I to Jane but yesternight morning, when she broke the winder, and cut on my umbrella falling down of its own accord, which it never done; for write it you did, you blessed perryodical, as I'm a sinful woman."

"My dear Mrs. Kimbo," said I, "so far as I know your name, even supposing I wrote it, is not hinted at. I have had great experience in lodging-houses and landladies, and never intended the least allusion, believe me, to yourself and Jessamine Cottage. You are everything that is kind to me here—more, positively more, than I desire."

"And may you be forgiven, sir; but I know better, and cannot be persuaded otherwise. The beef that was overcharged, and the beer, and the forgetting at the dinner involuntary, and my eldest daughter, too—it is as like as it can stare; never did I do those things, nor one of them, as was to be stretched upon my dying bed this blessed init; and I am come here for a printed apologue, and I don't go away without it."

"My dear Mrs. Kimbo, I will make the amplest amends within my power. If there is any balm in an advertisement—if you would derive comfort from a copy of touching verses—if my name appended in full to any statement of yours whatever (not involving a promise to pay money) can afford you satisfaction, it shall be done."

"Very sweet and very soft spoken you can be, sir, when you please, and there is none to deny it; but an apologue I'll have, or a reflirtation, or I law will I go, as sure as I speak my mind upon this sofa here present, and every word is truth."

"Well, my dear madam, I will write a refutation with pleasure. Let us be friends. If you have got anything to say upon the other side, landlady, and against lodgers, it shall be heard."

"Have I got anything to say, oh, Jerryusalem! Sir, or have I not, my daughter dear? She have dairy many and many a year, and help me, squeedge it out of my pocket, which stuck and torn, but gospel truth and pleasant reading too, all quite unbeknown to her; but read it, read it, do, for reflirtation's sake, and then say am I bone and skin, and she a thread, for first floor and for dining-room this twenty years, or am I not?"

The authoress of the manuscript, of which I thus became possessed, is a virgin of some five-and-forty years of age; her complexion is fairer than that of the lily, with the exception of the extreme finish of her nose, which has more the hue of the blush-carnation. I am not, however, about to pursue the "Annie Laurie" description further; it is not so much upon any of her features that my eye has been accustomed to linger, as upon her golden hair, which appears to be capable of all the stages and mutations of the precious metal itself. In the morning it is mingled with white, whity-brown and whity-black substances resembling quartz; and, as I perceive from a huge and unalloyed nugget at the back, the color of the locks themselves is comparatively dull. Towards the afternoon these foreign textures are removed, the tresses are beaten out smooth and shining, and the nugget resembles a small golden haystack, or a pippin of inestimable value, from the top of a bed-post. In the evening, Miss Martha's head is little inferior in glory to the setting sun: there is a golden circlet upon her brow, and another of scarcely secondary lustre around the nugget; and there are two loops of the same gorgeous character which surround her ears, and give them the appearance of curiosities in precious frames. After this mutation, she attends upon us no more, but passes her leisure in the boudoir, sitting alone, like Mr. Tennyson's mermaid, with a crown of gold on a throne.

This boudoir is a small and somewhat dingy apartment, adorned with a picture of some dashing person in the Cape Mounted Rifles, and with a couple of peacock's feathers upon the mantelpiece, and is used by Mrs. Kimbo—I am given to understand—as an oratory.

"When people get to a certain time of life, sir," that lady once observed to me in confidence, "they demand some quiet place to retire into from the bustle of daily life;" and it is there also that she concocts the weekly bills. Her daughter, as I have said, uses it principally for purposes of state and ceremony, and in particular she has here been accustomed to compile her diary. I find from the perusal of this voluminous work, that thirty-four males, forty-six females, twenty-one children of both sexes, seven dogs, two parrots, a monkey, three white mice, and a hedgehog have been accommodated at various times with board and lodging at Honeysuckle Cottage; but the individual biography of these, in full, it is not my intention to give. Miss Martha, however, has gone into the minutest detail in describing the peculiarities of each, and has used besides a sort of cipher, a series of mystic symbols intended to be private and confidential, of which it has caused me much labor and severe analysis—to the great detriment of the *Organum*—to discover the meaning. Thus, a (×) betokens troublesome or exacting; a straight horizontal line (—) signifies near or stingy; a note of admiration (!) denotes negligence in inquiry after missing things, or inattention to money-matters; and a round (o) indicates madness.

This is one of the very earliest of Miss Martha's entries:

"*June 7*, 1835.—A fashionably-dressed young gentleman, not much over seventeen or eighteen, arrived from Bristol, and took our first floor. He is come, he says, to see the scenery, to sketch, to paint, to court the muse among our beech-woods, and on our breezy downs. He is, he states, a child of nature, and his other parents are Indian people, who do not sympathize with him. Money is no object; name is Bundlecum [plenty of good linen in portmanteau; evening costume, polished boots, cheroot-case, dressing-case, handbook of Devonshire, and brandy-flask]; spends much of his time at 'The Dog and Duck;' comes home late at night, and writes for hours poetry; often weeps; approves of goose, currant-pie, curry, and beer; confided to me that he had for the first time found sympathizers in self and mother; comes in very late, singing the following snatches, and so often, that I do believe I shall never get them out of my head: 'We can't eat any more—we can't eat any more—we can't eat any more, but we'll have some more to drink.' And again: 'We won't go home till morning—we won't go home till morning, we won't go home till mourning, and perhaps not even then.' Unwell the next day, and lay in bed eating buttered toast; looked over the bill, and pronounced it reasonable; offered to pay it, or let it run, as we wished; mother and self agreed to let it run.

"*June 14th*.—Let it run. *June 21st*, Let it run. *June 28th*, and the third week, let Master Bundlecum himself run; took his portmanteau with him, while mother and self were gone to meeting; left us an affectionate and grateful letter, begging us to crown all our benefits by settling for him his little bills; enclosed to self in particular a lock of his hair; mother in hysterics; landlord of 'Dog and Duck' insists on being paid his £0 2s. 8d. for value received, or taking the law of us; bootman and family up in the course of afternoon for 19s. due for fishing and pleasuring; ditto Jobber for use of horses; ditto four or five other people. Washerwoman's husband agrees to go to Bristol in pursuit of Mr. B., for a consideration; tracked him to his guardian's house near the Docks, who observes that he had washed his hands of him, in a pecuniary sense, long ago; begs to offer the sincerest regrets, but hat this is not the first time, nor the second, by any means, that Master B. has done the like; that he (B.), however, never intends any harm, and in this case, perhaps, imagined that his parent, Mr. Bundlecum, senior, of Calcutta, would discharge all obligations, which is far from being likely, Mr. B., senior, having already done so twice, positively for the last time; he (guardian), indeed, has still that confidence in Master Bundlecum's real integrity, that he thinks it possible he may right us when he comes into his property, which he will do on attaining his twenty-fifth year; and he (guardian) again wishes most sincerely that we may get it. We are very miserable; ten pounds in hard cash clean gone, and thirty pounds lost, or as good as lost, which we ought to have made in fairness."

Miss Martha had plentifully interspersed the commencement of the above biography with notes of admiration, but these suddenly ceased; nor could she apparently discover any other symbol to express her subsequent feelings. Here is another extract from the diary, taken at random:

"*July* 1840.—Mr. and Mrs. Poppet, a young couple, married within the year, took our first floor; Mrs. P. exceedingly delicate, and orders dinner from the sofa; does not wish to be distressed by any reference to what is left of yesterday's dinner, or to what is not left; trusts entirely to our feelings of honor, and believes we are persons of respectability, who will repay confidence of that description: which we are indeed—very much so. Mr. P., in his dressing gown and slippers, reads novels most of the day to Mrs. P. in her dressing-gown and slippers; and both of them are much addicted to fruits and cream. They do not see, they say, why half-a-crown a dish should be dear for strawberries (when mother made an apology for that circumstance), and if they had fallen into dishonest hands, or perhaps any other than self and mother's, I believe they might have paid half-a-guinea for a dish cheerfully. Mrs. Poppet expects her mother, Mrs. Snapshaw, in which case they will take the rooms for two months certain; and I am sure it will be a pleasure to wait upon and do for such a charming family."

The manuscript is henceforward continued in a different and trembling hand. "Horrible! mother and self lie awake all night conspiring; but in the morning, when Mrs. Snapshaw enters the kitchen, all our determination melts away. We never made a stand against her even for a minute. 'Mutton cost twopence a pound at Honeysuckle Cottage more than at the butcher's does it?' 'Soap is fourpence a cake, is it?' 'Strawberries are half-a-crown a dish, are they?' Any charge, in short, wherein we have made the least mistake, she is continually picking up and throwing in our faces. The bell rang at breakfast the first morning with quite a different tinkle from that which Mrs. Poppet used to give it; and when I went in, all smiling, there sat Mrs. Snapshaw, at the head of the table, pointing to the milk, and saying: 'Another jug; *not skim!*' I knew that there was war for us at once, but I did not know there was defeat and subjugation. At dinner, that very day, when the fish came up, she burst out with: 'There are only twelve sprats here; I *bought* fourteen.' The way in which she taxed our weekly bills was a thing I should have never thought mother would have consented to. 'Sevenpence a sheet you charge for washing, Mrs. Kimbo, do you? Now, the washerwoman tells *me* that she charges you but threepence-halfpenny;' for she had had the meanness to go and ask that question herself, it seems. Then Mrs. Poppet was, as I have hinted, in a delicate situation, and actually got confined in our First Floor. The Dining-room left us, because it was forbidden to practice upon its cornopean; and the Attic was interdicted from walking about with its shoes on. Once in the dead of night she came upon mother and self in bed, and cried out in an awful voice: 'The brandy! our bottle is not in the cellaret, Kimbo, and my daughter wants it immediately.' Poor mother thought that her final end was come, and would have made all kinds of ridiculous admissions in that belief, if I had not prevented her. I positively believe that we were rather out of pocket than not, so far as food went, before Mrs. Snapshaw and her two children left; but Mr. and Mrs. Poppet were, nevertheless, not half so happy, although living so wickedly cheap. Every inch of candle-end, and every scrap of meat, and every wafer of soap, did she carry away with her in a great hand-basket. 'There's a little mustard in the cruet-stand, Martha, which you may tell your mother she can keep for my sake,' were Mrs. Snapshaw's parting words, and I positively durst not answer them." This last piece of biography was much interspersed by horizontal straight lines of amazing thickness, but there was no expression of open disapproval; it seemed as if the authoress had doubted whether the boudoir and the diary itself were safe from the investigation of her terrible foe.

"*August* 1850.—Five young university men and a tutor, seemingly no older than themselves, have taken our whole house. They have a few large books with them, and half-a-dozen boxes of cigars and tobacco, and nearly a hundred pipes. Mother said at once that she never allowed smoking, except in the garden, at which they all of them screeched with laughter, the tutor observing at the same time that she was a 'jolly old humbug.' They insist upon using the boudoir to read divinity in, and they clean out their pipes with the peacock feathers. They talk about nothing there, so far as I can hear, but beverage and hookah, and Jane is almost run off her legs in running for beer. They settle their weekly accounts like gentlemen, and complain of nothing, but they have broken all the dining-room ornaments, making what they call 'cock-shies' of them in the garden. A favorite China Mandarin of grandfather's they set up in an apple tree, saying he was Jupiter or something, and then they fired at him with an air-gun. They call Jane 'the Marchioness,' and me only 'Sophonisba,' which is at once ridiculous and inappropriate. Not above three are ever in at dinner-time, so that there is continual cooking, but they are easily pleased. One day, when they had all gone out, mother and I had a good clean up of their rooms, and thinking to do them a kindness, we took all their nasty, dirty, short, blackened pipes we could find, and left in their place nearly sixpenny worth of beautiful, clean, new ones. 'What a nice surprise,' said mother, 'it will be for them, and a very thoughtful act on our part they will esteem it.' But, dear me! they kicked up such a dust about it as never was; some of them swearing, and especially the tutor, because of the time they had lost in 'coloring' them; and some groping about in the ash-hole for the bowls and broken pieces, many of which they afterwards got riveted together with silver, and smoked again. We got indicted by Mrs. Hawk next door—who is wild with envy at the gentlemen being so comfortable and staying so long with us—for having a disorderly house; and certainly the young men, keeping up a chorus until two or three in the morning, must be rather aggravating to those who don't get paid for listening to it. Three cats belonging to neighbors, of whose fate we shall never see the end, fell victims to the air-gun, and were buried by torch-light under the apple-tree by four of the party, attired in our best sheets, the tutor firing father's blunderbuss out of the window every half-minute. All these things were taken ill, and have given our lodgings a bad name; and the smell of smoke pervading every room after the reading party left, kept quiet old ladies and such like out of the house for months."

Notes of admiration besprinkle the above very freely, and small round o's, with notes of interrogation, as though mother and self doubted of the party's sanity, tutor and all.

"*September* 1855.—Mr. Sutas took lodgings with us for a week certain—a short, stout gentleman, exceedingly shy. Mother waited upon him—as she usually does upon the Dining-room—and he expressed himself as satisfied.

"'But, Mrs. Kimbo,' said he, 'I observed a young person about the house on my arrival, I am afraid, did I not?'

"'My daughter, sir, perhaps.'

"'Very well,' returned Mr. Sutas; 'let me never so much as catch sight of that young person's face; let nobody under fifty years of age presume to enter my apartment under any pretence whatever; that is my sole stipulation, but that stipulation is indispensable.'

"After the first week, during which he had given us great satisfaction, he again addressed my mother: 'Mrs. Kimbo, I have again seen that young person, your daughter's face, and it pleases me!!! [The notes are Miss Martha's own, but I beg to acquiesce in them.] I wish to be attended by her exclusively, and from no other hand will I receive my food.' I waited upon him therefore for some time, during which he did nothing but stare fixedly without remark. One morning, however, he observed that he could certainly not breakfast any longer with his table in so uncomfortable a position; he wished it to be placed in the centre of the room. I moved it thither; no, it must be at the east window. I moved it as directed; no, it must have a decidedly north aspect. I moved it again; no, he could not touch a single morsel, unless he had his back to the wall. At length, and after spending an hour in table-turning, when I had placed it exactly where it had originally stood, Mr. Sutas expressed himself as satisfied, and presently assured me that he had never enjoyed a meal so thoroughly. On another occasion, he demanded that the head of our favorite black cat should be delivered up to him; the animal had met him on the stairs, and deliberately looked at him, which he averred was a most dire foreboding. When the First Floor happened one day to be unusually merry, he bade me go up with his kindest regards, and bring him word what they were laughing about; and at another time he terrified a young gentleman of that party to extremity, by threatening to hang him over the lintel of the door, if he should venture to whistle again. He got very troublesome towards last, and mother was the only person who could manage him. She exercised quite a parental influence, and often reduced him even to tears. There was a good deal of fuss about this, and some envious people called her 'Kimbo the keeper;' just as if dear Mr. Sutas was mad; even his mode of departure, they said, was proof of it—as though people of fortune might not travel as they liked—because he had always averred that carriage-exercise shook him to pieces—and yet went away in a spring-cart with four horses, and blowing a horn."

There are many other biographies, of equal if not greater interest in Miss Martha's diary, which would have made out Mrs. Kimbo's case perhaps better, and bear something more of a refutation of the charges brought against her class; but at the termination of the volume I came upon some statements, interspersed with horizontal lines, which, I could not conceal from myself, referred to me. From that instant I determined to perform my duty as an upright critic, rather than as an editor with a partial leaning; and if my private opinion is desired, I pity Mr. Sutas, I admire Bundlecum, and I positively revere Mr. Poppet's mother-in-law.

☞ A FRENCH BULL.—Paddy has a rival across the English Channel. In speaking of the war, &c., the Paris *Constitutionnel* says: "We *see* everywhere in France the *invisible* hand of Providence."

THE DIDO IN A HURRICANE, OFF RAIETA, SOCIETY ISLANDS, PACIFIC.

The above illustration of the Dido in a hurricane, is from a sketch by E. J. Kellow, second master of the vessel. The Dido arrived safely, under jury rig, at Tahiti.

THE SAILORS' CONSOLATION.

BY CHARLES DIBDIN.

One night came on a hurricane,
The sea was mountains rolling,
When Barney Buntline turned his quid,
And said to Billy Bowling:
"A strong nor-wester's blowing, Bill;
Hark, don't you hear it roar now?
Lord help 'em, how I pities all,
Unhappy folks on shore now!

"Foul-hardy chaps who live in towns,
What danger they are all in,
And now lie quaking in their beds,
For fear the roof should fall in:
Poor creatures, how they envy us,
And wishes, I've a notion,
For our good luck, in such a storm,
To be upon the ocean.

"And as for them who're out all day,
On business from their houses,
And late at night are coming home,
To cheer their babes and spouses;
While you and I, Bill, on the deck,
Are comfortably lying,
My eyes! what tiles and chimney-pots
About their heads are flying!

"And very often have we heard
How men are killed and undone,
By overturns of carriages,
By thieves, and fires in London.
We know what risks all landsmen run,
From noblemen to tailors;
Then, Bill, let us thank Providence
That you and I are sailors!"

"IRISH" POTATOES.

Why is the term "Irish" applied to the potato, which is notoriously a "Native American?" I don't recollect ever to have seen the question answered, but it is probably owing to the manner of its introduction into this part of America. To get at the whole story, we must go back some two hundred years, and turn to the history of England.

Ireland was subjugated to the English throne by Elizabeth, but the more difficult task of elevating the inhabitants from the degradation of semi-barbarism, and reconciling them to the restraints of law and habits of industry, devolved upon the "Virgin Queen's" successor, James the first. Though this Scotch successor compared poorly as a sovereign with Elizabeth, still his policy toward Ireland was wise and successful. Immense portions of the North of Ireland had become forfeited to the crown, and in order to introduce the arts of civilization and prosperity, a company was formed in London for the purpose of planting colonies on the crown lands of Ireland. Among the colonies sent out, was one of Scotch Presbyterians, who were regarded with especial favor by James. They settled near the town of Londonderry, and by their frugality, enterprise and industry, they soon surrounded themselves with all the blessings and comforts of prosperity and thrift. But under Charles the first, and afterwards under James the second, Roman Catholicism gained the ascendancy, and it was with the utmost difficulty that Protestants held a foothold in Ireland. The siege of Londonderry had hardly a parallel in history. After the overthrow of the Roman Catholic power by William of Orange, the descendants of the Scotch colonists almost unanimously determined not to remain where they had suffered so much, and abandoning Ireland, they set sail in five ships for America.

On the 14th of October, 1718, one hundred families of them located in Boston. Seventy other families landed at Casco, on the coast of Maine. Though a township was granted to the emigrants by the General Court of Massachusetts, by whom the character of the emigrants was probably understood, still the colonists generally knew no difference between these and others from Ireland, and called them all "Irish," an epithet which was particularly odious to these emigrants. They finally selected as the location of their grant a township above Haverhill, now within the limits of New Hampshire, then known as Nutfield, but which the emigrants changed to Londonderry, after the name of the place where many of them had suffered all the horrors of a most terrible siege.

It was these Scotch Irish emigrants who introduced the cultivation of potatoes into this country, and from them probably obtained the prefix "Irish." The first potatoes ever cultivated here were planted in the garden of Nathaniel Walker, in Andover, Massachusetts.—*New England Farmer.*

PERPETUAL OVEN.—There is at Brussels a perpetual oven. Bread is baking in it night and day; and at every second a loaf comes out hot at one end, while a fresh one is put in the other. The heat is thus economized, as the fire is never extinguished. It is kept up with oil, and as this bread never comes in contact with coals or cinders, it is perfectly free from any unpleasant taste or smell.

AN INCIDENT IN ALGERIAN TRAVEL.

A correspondent of the Times in Algeria narrates the following incident in proof of the Arab's contempt for the specimens of European women seen in that country:

"As we traversed the plain of Setif, I overtook a Frenchman and his wife, who were travelling with two baggage mules and two Arab drivers. The woman was mounted on the top of a huge pile of trunks and bales; the husband trudged behind. I was engaged in close conversation with the man, when we arrived at a deep, muddy river, with rotten banks, and the Frenchman left me to seek a more easy ford lower down. The Arabs managed to get their mules into the stream, but never had abbess and nun—not even in the pages of Sterne—a more obstinate quadruped than that upon which I was mounted. He would not take the water. While I was kicking and thrashing, I heard a loud scream in the ruck before me, and looking ahead for the cause thereof, beheld a vision of inverted gray stockings, vast in their development and rotundity, standing out in strong relief against the blue sky. The baggage-mule, bearing the worldly goods and also the wife of the Frenchman, had attempted to leap the opposite bank. The Frenchman had tied his bales, but had left his wife unattached. The poor woman, after a flourish in the air, had fallen headforemost into the water, and there she lay, her head in the mud, and the legs kicking at the firmament. I thrashed and spurred my mule in vain; I roared to the spahis, who only answered me by a broad grin. I vociferated to the Arabs, who looked on as though a rat had been drowning. The spahis who, having regard to his two wives, ought to have been a moral man, evidently thought it a good joke, and pointed to the agitated stockings, and laughed apace. The Arabs laughed not, but they cried '*Eirich*,' to their mules, and moved steadily onwards. An Arab woman, who was washing clothes in the stream, clapped her hands gravely, and manifested that sense of serious enjoyment which a Spaniard might feel at an *auto-da-fe*. The French woman was in momentary danger of death. The gray stockings began to move spasmodically. My mule was as obstinate as ever. Although surrounded by Arabs who could have extricated her without an effort, she would, I believe, have died, had I not waded through the mud and water to her assistance, and pulled vigorously at the large gray stockings. When I bore her to the bank and threw water over her face and neck, and manifested some sympathy for her, the Arab woman, for the first time, laughed outright, and the Arabs regarded me with an expression of profound contempt, as though I had saved the life of a dog, or resigned my dinner to a jackal."

LEAPING.

The old fashioned exercise of running and jumping seems to have passed out of vogue; and comparatively few men, in our interior towns, pride themselves upon being proficients in these manly arts. Leaping matches, wrestling matches, and running matches are seldom made, except among the "sporting gentry." In the one idea of cultivating the mind, the training of the body has been forgotten. Professor Wilson, under *nomme de plume* of "Christopher North" said that—

"A good high jumper will clear five feet, a first rate one five and a half, and an out-and-outer among the first rates six feet. The late Mr. Ingleby, of Lancaster, we have seen clear a stick held six feet two inches high, springing off the turnpike road, and with a run of about five yards. What Mr. Ireland could do without the springboard we know not—probably not two inches more than Mr. Ingleby. Mr. Ingleby despised perpendicularity, and swayed himself over almost horizontally with singular grace, elegance, and facility.

"Twelve feet is a good standing single jump on level ground; fourteen is a job for two or three in a county; twenty feet on level ground is a first-rate running single jump, but has been done often; twenty-one is something very extraordinary, but not always apocryphal; and twenty-two is, we believe, accomplished about once every twenty years, and that almost always by an Irishman. A hundred sovereigns to five against any man in England doing twenty-two feet on a dead level. With a run and a leap, on a slightly inclined plane, perhaps an inch to a yard, we have seen twenty-three feet done in great style—and discovered to a nicety; but the man who did it (aged twenty-one, height, five feet eleven inches, weight, eleven stone) was admitted to be (Ireland excepted) the best far-leaper of his day in England.

"At standing hop-step-and-jump, level ground, ten yards is good—eleven excellent—and twelve the extent of any man's tether. We have heard of thirteen, but believe it to be a lie. With a run, thirteen yards is good, fourteen great, and fifteen prodigious. Perhaps there are not six authenticated cases on record of fifteen being done on level ground, and by actual admeasurement. All guess-work exploits shrivel up a good yard, or sometimes two, when brought to the measure, and the champion of the county dwindles into a clumsy clodhopper. Ireland, it is said, did sixteen yards on Knavesmire, before he was known to the world; and indeed was noticed by some Londoners on that occasion, and brought forward at the amphitheatre. He was the best leaper, both high and far, that ever jumped in England; and take him for all in all, it is most certain that we shall never look upon his like again."

TOMBS OF ESTHER AND MORDECAI.—In the centre of Hamadan (formerly the capital of Persia) is the tomb of Ali Ben Sina, and not far from it are those of Esther and Mordecai, which are held in great veneration by the Jews of this town, and kept in a perfect state of repair. On the dome over these tombs is an inscription, of which the following is a translation:—

"On Thursday, the 15th of the month of Adar, in the year of the creation of the world 4474, the building of this temple over the tombs of Mordecai and Esther was finished by the hands of the two benevolent brothers, Elias and Samuel, sons of the late Ismael of Kachan."

It is now, therefore, nearly eleven centuries and a-half since this monument was constructed. The tombs are made of rather hard black wood, which has suffered little from the effects of time. They are covered with Hebrew inscriptions, still very legible, of which Sir John Malcolm has given the following translation: "At that time, there was, in the palace of Susa, a certain Jew, of the name of Mordecai; he was the son of Jair, of Shimei, who was the son of Kish, a Benjamite, for Mordecai, the Jew, was the second of that name, under the King Ahasuerus, a man much distinguished among the Jews, and enjoying great consideration among his own people, anxious for their welfare, and seeking to promote the peace of all Asia."—*Ferrier's Caravan and Wanderings.*

☞ Lazy rich girls make rich men; industrious poor girls make poor men.

"Truth Stranger Than Fiction."

We have recently become acquainted with the facts of one of the most extraordinary dramas in social life of which we have knowledge. The material, which will gradually unfold itself in the following narrative, combined with the requisite machinery and interwoven with the fictitious characters necessary to the artistic development of the plot, would complete a profoundly interesting, if not an absolutely thrilling romance. Our sketch, however, is an unfinished daguerreotype of facts which recently transpired in one of the most attractive inland cities of the "dark and bloody ground." We submit the skeleton, leaving the elaboration and finishing touches to be woven into dramatic texture, by artists enjoying more time and possessing more skill and imagination than we can command.

A lady, youthful, lovely, accomplished, and the daughter of a distinguished Kentuckian, enjoying independent competence, imperiously commanded the admiration of the gallants of the vicinage, and attracted zealous suitors from abroad. She was a belle of most unrivalled charms, and received numerous declarations of attachment, many of them ardent and sincere. Like most queenly damsels enjoying fortunate positions in the social world, she was an apt mistress of coquetry, and wielded her resistless sceptre unmercifully upon all who ventured within the charmed radii of her matchless fascinations.

She reigned ruthlessly during a long and brilliant career, and her reputation for comeliness and social skill neither waned with the lapse of time or her cruel exercise of power, but seemed to be promoted without apparently approaching culmination, and splendidly illustrated the remorseless tyranny of capricious, passionless beauty. Fatigued at last, and sated with the common-place triumphs of ordinary coquetry, she introduced, by way of episode, the expedient of engagements to marry. Not satisfied, however, with the usual termination of happy courtship, she betrothed herself to two lovers, whom she adroitly managed to keep profoundly ignorant of their mutual pretentions and expectations.

One suitor was a talented young minister, of fair possessions. The other a gentleman of "elegant leisure," and lord of many broad acres. Both were tilting for the whimsical beauty, each conscious of the other's devotion, but, as we have said, mutually unaware of their mutual success. The young minister was favored by the damsel's father, and was accepted by him for the future son-in-law. Acquainted with the mother's hostility to himself, and conscious of her preference for his rival, as well as conceiving the father's consent adequate for the accomplishment of his purpose, and trusting to time and circumstances to mitigate her prejudices, the young minister forbore application to her.

His rival, meantime, had been accepted by the mother—who, like himself was ignorant of the young minister's successful negotiations—and deeming himself sufficiently justified to proceed, and appreciating the father's objection to himself, he, on the other hand, as his rival had refrained from submitting his petition to the mother, neglected his obligations to the father. The artful complications of the daughter were, thus far, attended with the happiest success, and it is presumable she hugely enjoyed the extraordinary and perplexing *contretemps*.

The rivals now became importunate, and solicited the speedy consummation of the contemplated alliance. Their betrothed, however, capriciously vexed and tantalized them to her heart's content, deluding them with alternate hopes and promises, like Macbeth's "asides to his two sweethearts," but finally concurred with their ardent petitions, and appointed the same day, hour and place for the solemnization of the triangular bridal. Arrangements were subsequently made that added richer space to the culminating drama. The minister and his betrothed agreed to celebrate their approaching nuptials quietly, a few of their mutual friends only being advised. On the other hand ostentatious preparations were made for a magnificent display. Cards were dispatched far and near by our heroine and the mother's choice, and all the gallantry and beauty of the country were informed of the approach of the bridal period. The absence of the minister facilitated operations, and gossiping rumor, strange to say, failed for once to mar the execution of a brilliant design. How the parents remained in ignorance in the midst of such active preparations has not been developed, but those familiar with the inventive wit of sprightly women will readily imagine the keen diplomacy of our heroine, who so successfully managed her double intrigue into the crisis of consummation. Suffice it that at the denouement the parents were the most completely confounded of all.

The nuptial eve rolled round. Guests assembled in glittering concourse, exuberant in joyous anticipations, and splendidly decorated. The most brilliant vivacity and gayest confusion prevailed. The officiating minister appeared, and there were bright indications of the fullest realization of all happy anticipations. Moments were frittered in pleasant interchange of compliments. Beautiful women vivaciously responded to happy devoirs of gallant gentlemen, and the buzz and musical hum of pleasant voices agreeably confused the senses, till the minute hand of the parlor clock pointed the hour. Expectation now commanded silence. Curiosity on tip-toe suspended merriment, and only suppressed murmurs were heard in intervals of anticipation.

The sonorous bell sounded the hour, and expectation became intense. Scarcely had the last echo of the clanging clock died away in silence, when every cheek paled, and every pulsation of hearts was suspended. A heavy sound, as of a falling human body, sunken with fearful suddenness to the floor, and accompanied by wild shrieks of terror, resounded from an adjoining room. A rush, as of hurrying feet, and a mingled echo of fearful exclamations, terrified every heart, a moment before so joyous. There was an instinctive rush forward; the flimsy barrier intercepting the progress of the throng gave way, and a spectacle was presented beggaring description.

A frightened group of beautiful women, pale as the snowy robes of the bride, cowered in dismay over the fallen form of a stricken man, dressed as for a nuptial night, deathly pallid, and lying apparently lifeless in the centre of the floor. Several gentlemen were chafing the temples of the fallen man, while a fair woman, agitated, but self-possessed, kneeling at his side, with his head in her lap, administered powerful restoratives. The bride, arrayed in all her transcendent loveliness, stood on one side, the lustre of her brilliant countenance alternately deepening to carnation, and paling to fleecy whiteness, while in all other respects she seemed calm and unmoved as an idle spectatress of a dramatic scene.

Opposite her stood a gentleman dressed like the fallen man, trembling and fearfully agitated, alternately scanning the beautiful but passionless vision before him, and the lifeless form at her feet. Outside the circle and half hidden from view, sunken into the deep embrace of an armchair, with her face buried in the folds of her garments, reclined the half-paralyzed mother of the bride, speechless and immoveable as a statue. Near her, and trying to soothe her, stood the dismayed father, astounded and overcome by the apparent calamity that had befallen his house. At the moment appointed for the nuptials, two bridegrooms claimed the hand of the bride. Each had come with glowing anticipations of happiness and were mutually congratulating themselves upon the approach of the moment that would find them united to the object of their adoration. Each was conscious of the other's claims, and the effect, when the dread fact burst upon them, was tremendous. It was too overwhelming for the young minister. With a heartrending gasp he struggled for a moment and fell headlong and heart-stricken to the floor. It was that appaling sound, mingled with the shrieks of the bridesmaids, which so startled the guests in the midst of their joyous anticipations and joyous hilarity.

The spectacle presented to the rushing and terrified throng of beautiful women and gay gentlemen was terrifying. The tableaux of the fallen groom; the calm and unmoved bride; the agitated groom searching her face with glaring eyes and livid features; the paralyzed mother; the astonished and humbled father; the kneeling forms of lovely and sympathetic women; and the grave and ominous silence of the attendant groomsmen, was one perhaps never before witnessed on a nuptial night.

After a while the ministrations of kind nurses began to produce reaction in the prostrate system of the fallen groom. Signs of returning animation became visible. The actors and witnesses of the tragic scene regained composure. The father's self-possession returned. Advancing to this beautiful but heartless author of the painful drama, he sternly commanded her instant choice between the contesting suitors. The mother, still true to her partialities, advocated her favorite. The father maintained neutrality, but repeated his commands. The daughter, standing in awe of her father, pleaded for a moment's reflection. It was granted, but a flying messenger was immediately dispatched for the officiating minister, who, it was now discovered, had escaped in the confusion unperceived, and had repaired, thoughtful and sorrowful, toward his home.

After much persuasion he returned, and the company, whose early gaiety now gave place to sadness and silence, again repaired to the parlors to await the final development of the closing act.

The broad doors were now flung open. A stream of brilliant light, succeeded by a flood of beauty, irradiated the scene. The bridal train swept in. The nuptial ceremony bound indissolubly the heartless but magnificent bride to the devoted but suffering young minister, whom, at the last moment, she had chosen.

Reader, you will imagine the decision of the mother's favorite. His agony, if he loved her truly, must have been intense, yet withal it must have been mingled with emotions of gratification in the consciousness of having escaped the misfortune of marriage with a passionless and marble-hearted flirt. You will likewise judge if the deep affection of the young minister received its just deserts. We will not decide for you. Our sketch is a true narrative, and its moral is profound.—*Cincinnati Times.*

The Probable Insufficiency of Cotton Crops.—It is not the least striking peculiarity of that material progress, in which the present generation boasts to have excelled all former ages, that it consumes the products of the earth faster than they can be replaced again. More than once, within the last decade, we have seen flour almost touching famine prices. The cane crop has come to be permanently deficient. And now there is good reason to believe that the annual yield of cotton, the world over, has ceased to be equal to the annual demand for it.

The best statistians, for example, estimate that the entire quantity of cotton, which can be made available, during the current year, will not exceed what the manufacturers will use up in forty weeks. In other words, the product of fifty-two weeks will disappear a little more than nine months, compelling a draft on next year's crop for the deficiency. This decline in the yield of cotton, as compared with the consumption, is no new thing; but has been going on, for half a generation. The annual crop, the world over, is now four millions two hundred thousand. In 1844 it was hardly two millions five hundred thousand. Yet while, twelve years ago, the stock on hand, at the end of the season, was nine hundred thousand bales, the stock, at the close of last season, did not exceed four hundred and ninety thousand.

Persons not familiar with the growth or manufacture of cotton, have no conception of the enormous quantities demanded weekly by the civilized world. We all wear or use cotton fabrics, in one shape or another; but how few ever think of the millions who gain their subsistence out of it! It is only when we learn that the estimated consumption every week during the coming year, will be eighty-six thousand bales, that we realize how large a portion of the earth's population earns its bread by growing or manufacturing cotton. Hardly a century has passed, since most people, both here and in Europe, dressed in linen, or other fabrics, whose high prices almost wholly excluded them from the poor, and even precluded their being frequently renewed by those in moderate circumstances.

In the supply of this potent fibre the United States, though taking the leading part, does not enjoy that monopoly which is popularly supposed. Of the four millions two hundred thousand bales annually grown, the product of this country has been about three millions and a-half, the East Indies, Brazil, and other places making up the deficiency. Nevertheless, the East Indies, which produces more than any country except the United States, sends only about four hundred thousand bales to market, or less than five weeks' consumption. Nor will that country, fertile as it is, ever send much more until canals or railroads are constructed throughout its interior, so as to bring the cotton, at a moderate freight, to Calcutta and other ports.

In view of this decline in the production of cotton, as compared with the consumption, it is considered probable that the price of the fibre will advance, till it reaches a point beyond which the manufacture of it will cease to pay. Many sagacious men incline to believe that such a point has already been attained; that, in fact, cotton now rules at a price above which it cannot permanently go.

Facilities for Committing Crime.—The New York Police Gazette, speaking of the late arrest of burglars in that city, says:

"The facilities which the thieves of New York have for committing crime, are almost beyond belief. Their organization is complete. In searching Moore's house, after his escape, the police discovered a number of confidential letters, which he had received from all parts of the country. These letters it would be highly injudicious to publish, as they implicate respectable merchants out West and parties in this city, who are supposed to be beyond suspicion. These letters showed the facility afforded thieves in disposing of their property. There were also letters from the owner of a noted 'fence,' in Tenth Street. In perusing these letters carefully, it was also discovered that this gang, with which Moore was connected, had mechanics and laborers in their employ, who furnished them with a full and accurate description of the houses they were at work upon. There were also found a number of diagrams of stores and dwellings, of an innumerable number of houses in this city, how the various apartments were laid out, and, if a store, where the safe or silks were deposited; if a dwelling house, where the money or the silver plate was located. Who furnished the thieves with these diagrams?—There is not a store or house worth breaking into, but is as well known to the burglars as the owners themselves. Even the very locks on the doors are known, yet no impression has been made with wax. Who gives information of this character? New York is at the mercy of thieves—no police, however effective, can afford adequate protection."

Cost of English Papers.—The London newsmen furnish the Times or Post on the day of publication for $5,75 a quarter. For the Herald $8,50 a quarter is charged. The second edition of the London Times, Sun, Globe, or Standard, is furnished for $7,50 a quarter, or $30 a year. Copies of the Times, one day old, are furnished at $4 a quarter, so that the difference in the cost in England between a paper of the latest edition on the day of publication, or the day next succeeding, is equal to the subscription price of the largest commercial newspaper in the United States. A file of the London Times taken in this country costs about $52 a year, or nearly seventeen cents for each copy of the paper. The English papers are conducted on the cash system exclusively. They have no subscribers, but are furnished to newsmen by the room, who supply patrons in the city and country districts.

Cotton Seeds.—The New Orleans Picayune notices the engagement of a ship of 800 tons to take a full cargo of cotton seed from that port to Providence, R. I., where the article is to be turned into oil and oil cake. An extensive factory for extracting oil from the seed of cotton is already in operation in Rhode Island, and one or two companies are forming in Boston with the object of getting up similar establishments there. This is an enterprise in which the South is greatly interested, promising, as it does, to convert an article hitherto worse than useless, into one of great commercial value.

Mammoth Tree.—The largest and oldest tree in New Jersey, it is said, stands in Atlantic Co., towering up to a lofty height, with branches as large as the trunk of a common-sized tree, the distance from the ground to the first limb being about 48 feet. One foot from the base it measures 9½ feet in diameter, and 28 in circumference. Four boards cut from the trunk, it is estimated, would cover the side of a house 35 feet square, and sixteen boards would enclose the whole building. It has been visited by persons from all sections of the country, and is covered with inscriptions.

☞ A woman may laugh too much. It is only a comb that can always afford to show its teeth.

EUROPEAN ITEMS.

The whole amount of the Trans Atlantic Telegraph stock has been taken, and offers made for more.

The chief feature of the political news is the firm attitude maintained by Switzerland against the Prussian demands concerning Neufchatel, which Switzerland refuses unconditionally. Austria, Bavaria, and Baden support Prussia.

There is nothing really true respecting the issues with Russia.

It is now confidently stated that the Peace Congress will re-assemble ere long in Paris.

There is a rumor that Prince Albert and German influence is backing the proposal respecting Bolgrad, now before the British Government, and so tampering with ministers that they cannot act. This may be a mere rumor.

There is nothing from France, and nothing more relative to the rumored disturbances in Spain.

A private despatch says the Persians have taken Herat.

The English Admiralty have ordered the entire flotilla of gun boats to join the reserve steam squadron at Sheerness, to await further orders. There was also unusual activity in the dockyards, from which it is surmised that a naval demonstration was about to take place.

The London Times comes out strongly against any more expeditions in search of Sir John Franklin, and says the Government will be much to blame if it encourages any such project.

One of the boilers of the Royal mail steamer Parana exploded as she was about to start from Southampton, and several of her men were killed.

By a telegraphic despatch from Berlin, dated Wednesday evening, we learn that the news that Ali Pasha has resigned the office of Minister for Foreign Affairs, is said to be a fatal blow to English influence at Constantinople. Redschid Pacha, the *protege* of Lord de Redcliffe, it is seen, can find no statesmen of consequence to take office with him, and is believed to be very distasteful to the Sultan's own family.

It is rumored in Berlin, that the Minister of the Interior meditates putting a stop to the sale of all spirituous liquors by retail, throughout Prussia.

A telegraphic despatch from Carlsruhe announces that in the sitting of the Swiss Federal Council of the 23rd inst., an absolute refusal was given to the demand of M. de Sydow, the Prussian envoy, concerning the liberation of the prisoners of Neufchatel. The demands of Prussia were supported by the Governments of Austria, Bavaria and Baden.

Petitions are now being circulated in the Neufchatel army, which are covered with signatures. The petitioners beg the members of the Federal Council to allow them to be the first to march in the event of the independence of Switzerland being attacked. They take a solemn oath to shed the last drop of their blood rather than suffer any foreign domination whatever, and their request terminates with the cry of "*A l'avant garde! Vive la Confederation!*"

Telegraph in Cuba.—One of the most important enterprises in connection with telegraphs, next to that across the Ocean, is the project of reaching the island of Cuba by the electric wire. Responsible parties have been in correspondence, for some months, with the authorities in Cuba, and also with the Government of Spain through their Minister at Washington, for the purpose of carrying out the plan, and from the present position of affairs, we shall expect to see it consummated by or before the time that the Transatlantic line is in operation. It is proposed to lay a cable from the point of Cape Sable, the extreme southern point of Florida, to Havana, the distance being little over 70 miles—about the same stretch as that across the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Key West may also be embraced by the same line.

The Slave Excitement in Tennessee.—Cincinnati, Dec. 13.—The Evansville Journal is informed by gentlemen direct from Tennessee, that on the 9th, the whole region from Memphis through Clarksville and Dover, on the Cumberland river, was in a state of the greatest alarm in regard to the movements of the slave population. The jails in all the counties were crowded with the arrested blacks. The county Courts had been assembled in each county, and vigilance committees and patrols appointed for each neighborhood and township. Eight more negroes had been hung at Dover, making nineteen in all.—No overt act has yet been committed, but the proof of insurrectionary designs is said to be conclusive.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET.

About 1280 head of Beef Cattle were offered at the different yards during the week, and the market has been quite active. The principal sales at the Bull's Head were:

76	Owen by Cochran & McCall,	$@$8½ lb
40	Virgil Jones,	$4 gross and $@ nett
87	Penna Hathaway & McPillan,	@10@10½
30	" B F Houston,	@8@ 9½
25	" J Holmes,	@8@ 9½
100	Virginia D W Bradly,	@ 8@ 9½
30	" H Seldomridge,	@ 8½@ 9
70	Penna Scott & Kimball,	@10@ 9½
20	" Underwood, Chandler,	@8@ 9½
85	" Mesnah & Wood,	@ 8@ 9
120	" Different parties,	@ 8@ 9½

At Torbert's the following sales were reported:

70	Ohio, by B Vansoor,	$4 gross.
40	" by Bain & Co,	" "
70	Western, Henderson & Co,	" "
70	Penna., Andrews,	@@@ nett
45	" D Eckman,	@@@ "
50	" B Baldwin, (extra)	@@@ "
70	" A Rittenbaugh,	@@@ "
54	" Alex Kennedy,	@@@ "
80	" Jones & McClure,	@ @ @

About 350 Cows and Calves were offered, and mostly all sold at $30@55 for Fresh Cows, $20@35 for Springers, and @@@@ for Dry Cows.

The arrivals of Hogs were about 2500, all of which found buyers at $7@8 ₱ 100 lbs, according to condition.

The receipts of Sheep and Lambs reached some 7500, and sales ranged at from $2,75 to $4,75 each, according to condition. A couple of sales were:

1000 by Hoffman & Co,	@@@4
900 by Jno Shindler,	@@@4
800 by J Vanscivor	@@@4
1000 by Myers & Co,	@@@4½
1200 by Abrams & Dettrich,	@@@4½
1400 by Chas Myers,	@@@4½
1100 by Geo. Hoover.	@@@4½

NEW YORK CATTLE MARKET.

ALLERTON'S—The market opened under what was considered very favorable auspices, and a few sales were made at prices about 1c. above the past prices of last week, but the demand soon abated, and the market became dull and heavy, and so continued. Prices are not materially changed, on the whole, from last week, but the *extra prices* range about 2c ₱ cwt lower, which is no reduction, when the quality of the cattle is taken into consideration. There were very few lots of really good cattle in the yard, and, as a general thing, they were readily disposed of; while inferior or two poor to be called any description were purchased much more reluctantly. The bulk of the supply at Allerton's were State cattle, and fewer than usual came from the Western States, although Ohio and Illinois were fairly represented; they came in chiefly by the Hudson River and Harlem Railroads. The total number on sale at Allerton's was 3500, against all the yards 3313 head, being about 200, increase on last week's receipts. The prices ranged from 8c. to 10½c. for the latter for a few very extra cattle. The average was about 9@9¼.

Cows and Calves are not so plenty and sell a little more readily than for the past few months, at a trifle higher prices, mostly for milch and forward milkmen.

Veal Calves are pretty plenty, and continue in good demand without change in prices.

Sheep and Lambs were doing a little better, and although the supply was nearly double that of last week, prices remained without noticeable change. Supply chiefly from Ohio and this State.

Swine are here in large numbers, and from all the Western States. The receipts at Allerton's for the past week were 7000, of which 3000 are from Missouri, 900 from Iowa, 800 from Indiana, 1100 from Kentucky, 1000 from Ohio, and 2000 from Illinois. Although the supply was so enormous, almost the entire stock were disposed of—the demand continuing sustained until the close of the day. They were mostly corn-fed, and in good killing order. The prices varied according to quality, but they brought from $6,20 to $6,60 ₱ cwt, or from @@@@c ₱ lb, live weight. The receipts by the various avenues leading to the city have been unusually large—some 27,000 Swine having arrived in this city during the past week.

The receipts of all stock at Allerton's for the week were as follows: 3500 head of Cattle, 12 Cows and Calves, 329 Veal Cattle, 3112 Sheep and Lambs, and 7000 Swine.

PRICES.—Beef Cattle, extra quality per 100 lbs, $10 50@10 75; do good quality, $9 50@10 00; do common, $8 50@9 00; do inferior, $7 50@8 00. Cows and Calves, extra, $@@@@; do good, $@@@@; do common, $@@@@; inferior, $@@@@. Veal Calves 5@6c. Sheep and Lambs, $2 50@@. Swine @@@@c.

The following table shows from what part of the country, and by what conveyances the supplies came:

	Beef Cattle.	*Heads.*
By the Harlem Railroad,	Beeves,	916
"	Cows and Calves,	12
"	Veal Calves,	329
"	Sheep and Lambs,	2512
By the Hudson River Railroad,	Beeves,	1093
"	Swine,	2219
By the Hudson River Boats,	Beeves,	240
"	Swine,	2112
By the Erie Railroad,	Beeves,	300
"	Sheep and Lambs,	600
"	Swine,	2977
By the Camden and Amboy,		25
By East—Cattle,		180
From Ohio,		392
" Illinois,		280
" New York,		1243
" Connecticut		12
" Kentucky		200
" Pennsylvania		281

AT BROWNING'S.—The following are the sales:—

262 Beef Cattle,	@@,@@@10,@@
7 Cows and Calves,	25,@@@@.@@
30 Veal Calves,	@@@
4736 Sheep and Lambs,	2,10@11,@@

AT CHAMBERLAIN'S.—Sales as follows:—

161 Beef Cattle,	@@,@@@10,50
20 Cows and Calves,	25,@@@@.@@
150 Veal Calves,	@@@@
2845 Sheep and Lambs,	@,@@@ 7,@@

AT O'BRIEN'S.—The following are the sales:—

105 Beeves,	@@,@@@10,@@
21 Cows and Calves,	25,@@@@.@@
44 Veal Calves,	@@@@

RECAPITULATION

	Beeves.	*Cows and Calves.*	*Veal Calves.*	*Sheep and Lambs.*
Allerton's,	2167	12	329	3112
Browning's,	539	20	30	4736
Chamberlain's,	121	20	150	2845
O'Brien's	105	21	44	
Total	3,313	120	561	10,791

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

Office of the Saturday Evening Post, December 15, 1856.

The market generally has been dull this week, and is likely to remain so until after the holidays. The late European news, although rather unfavorable for Breadstuffs, have had little or no effect upon our markets. Flour, Rye Flour, Meal and Wheat have been in limited demand, but Corn has been in good request at rather better prices. The stock of Cotton, particularly Uplands, is small, and prices are firmer. Bark is dull, and has declined. Coal is in steady demand, but the scarcity of vessels and advanced freights retards operations. Coffee has been in better demand, and prices have improved. Sugar is held very firmly, but Molasses is dull. Feathers continue scarce. In Fruit there has been more doing, and the stocks of both foreign and domestic are quite low. Hemp and Hides are quiet. In Iron, the market continues depressed. Lead is also dull. The Lumber season is about over. In Naval Stores and Oils there has been a steady trade doing, without change in prices. Whisky is scarce. Provisions are held with more firmness, but there is not much doing. Rice is rather better. Salt is unchanged. Glassware and Flaxseed are lower. Tobacco and Wool are dull and nearly empty. In Dry Goods, the transactions have been quite limited, both among the Commission and Jobbing houses, without any essential change in prices, except for some descriptions of Woollens, which have improved.

BREADSTUFFS—There has been but little activity in Flour since our last notice, and with moderate receipts and stocks, and unfavorable advices from Europe, prices have rather favored buyers. The sales for export comprise about 10,000 bbls at $@@@@ ₱ bbl for standard and good brands, closing very dull at these rates; $6,75@@@ for better brands; $7 for extra, and $7,37½@7,50 for extra family, including 1500 bbls of the latter, and 500 bbls conditioned, on terms not made public. The sales for the supply of the retailers and bakers have been within the range of the above quotations, Rye Flour has been very dull, and has sold at $4,25, which is a decline. Corn Meal is in very limited inquiry at the prices noted last week: 1000 bbls Penna. sold at $@@@@. The week's transactions are 20,276 bbls Flour, 2135 do Corn Meal, and 194 Rye do.

The receipts of Wheat have fallen off, but the demand been quite moderate, and prices remain without change. About 20,000 bushels, mostly Penna and Pennsylvania were disposed of at $1,@@@1,@@ for prime red, and $1,@@@2 for white, closing about 1c to store. About 8000 bushels Rye sold at 80c, at which figure it is in demand. Corn has been in good demand, and with limited supplies, prices have improved. Sales of 40,000 bushels at @@@@c for old yellow, afloat, 66@@c to store; 66c for old white, afloat; 56@@c for new yellow, and 54c for new white. Oats have been in good demand, and prices have advanced. Sales of 18,000 bush Delaware at 43@45c, and Penna and Western at 44@45c ₱ bush.

PROVISIONS—The market generally has exhibited rather a firmer aspect. The stock of Pork here is small, but ample for the demand. Sales of Mess, in lots, at $18@18,50 ₱ bbl, 60 days, and Prime at $@@. Sales of city packed Mess Beef for ship stores at $@@,@@ cash. The market for Hams has been very quiet; sales in small lots at @@@c ₱ lb, for Hams; 8@@c for Sides, and 7@@ cts for Shoulders. 25c cash and bagged Hams to go out of the market on private terms.—The stock of Green Meats continues small, but the receipts from the West are increasing. A lot of 25 casks Shoulders, in salt, sold at 5 future delivery. Small sale of Hams at 10@10½ and Shoulders at 7@7½, 60 days. The receipts of Lard continue very small, but there is very little demand for it. Small sales of bbls at @@@@c, and kegs at @@@ ₱ lb, on time, according terms to arrive at our lowest figure. The demand for Butter continues limited, but prices are unchanged. Sales of solid packed at @@@@c ₱ lb. Roll ranges from @@ to @@c. Cheese is unchanged.

GROCERIES—An import of Laguayra Coffee, and a small one of Maracaibo have arrived since our last. There has been a better feeling in the market, and at the close prices were full @@ ₱ lb higher. The sales comprise 5@@@@ bags Rio at @@@@ lb, and some 300 bags Java at @@@@c ₱ lb, on time. The Sugar market has been quiet, but with moderate supplies and a very light stock, holders are firm in their demands. Sales of 500 hhds Cuba, Porto Rico, and New Orleans @@@@@ ₱ lb, on time—part to go West.

Of Molasses there has been rather more arriving, and the market has been dull. About 150 hhds Cuba Muscovado sold at @@@@c, on time; some New Orleans, for another market, at @@c; and 100 barrels New York Syrup, on terms not made public.

METALS—The iron trade rules dull, and the only sales of Anthracite reported are in small lots at $@@ ₱ ton, 6 mos, for No 1; $@@ for No 2, and $@@ for No 3. Blooms sell slowly at unchanged rates. Scotch Pig is not inquired after. No change in Bar or Boiler Iron.

Lead is dull and the only transaction reported is about 200 pigs Virginia, terms not made public.

BARK—Both the demand for Quercitron continues limited, and prices are lower. Sales of 150 hhds No 1, mostly at @@ ₱ ton, to Tanners' Bark nothing doing.

BEESWAX—There is very little offering. Sales of good yellow at 31@32c ₱ lb.

CANDLES—There is a fair inquiry for city made Adamantine, and further sales have been made at 20c ₱ lb, 4 months.—Sperm are dull at @@@@c.

COAL—Prices have undergone no change. There is a fair demand for Red Ashes at full rates, but White Ash is neglected. The Schuylkill railroad have been modern o, and by canal they are about over for the season. The scarcity of vessels, and high rates of freight to the Eastward, however, have materially retarded operations. No transactions reported in Bituminous Coal.

The following is a comparative statement of the receipts by the several lines, for the week and for the season:

FOR THE WEEK.

	1855.	1856.	
Lehigh Canal	———	5,560	Inc. 5,551
Lehigh Val RR	———	5,546	Inc. 5,146
Schuylkill Canal	9,461	10,174	Inc. 6,773
Reading Railroad	32,430	50,554	Inc 18,064
Total for week	41,891	72,203	37,534

FOR THE SEASON.

	1855.	1856.	
Lehigh Canal	1,214,077	1,180,481	Dec. 127,596
Lehigh Val RR	———	170,806	Inc. 170,806
Schuylkill Canal	1,104,008	1,104,194	Inc. 68,220
Reading Railroad	2,265,574	2,199,286	Dec. 74,288
Total for season	4,583,717	4,711,229	Inc. 77,510

COTTON—There has been more inquiry during the present week, and prices at the close were a shade better. The stocks, particularly of Uplands, are very light. Sales of 1200 bales at 12@12c ₱ lb, on time.

DRUGS AND DYES—There has been less doing. Soda Ash is not so active, and the sales have been 150 casks at 2½@@ ₱ lb, 6 mos. White Sugar of Lead is dull at @@@c. Camphor has an upward tendency. Two cargoes of Jamaica Logwood sold on terms not made public. Sales of 300 casks Sal Soda at $2,@@@,6 mos. 500 casts Cutch at 12c, and some Irish Moss at 5c ₱ lb, all on time.

FEATHERS—There are very few offering, and the sales have been only in small lots, at 55@56c ₱ lb, for fair and prime Western.

FISH—The receipts of Mackerel have been very small.—There is rather more inquiry from store, and prices are firmer. Sales of 350 bbls at $10,@@@10,50 for medium No 1's; $7,75 for No 2's, and $@,25 for No 3's. Small sales of large No 1, which are very scarce, at $21@22 ₱ bbl; No 2 at $@@; Shore No 1's at $@@; No 2's at $@,50; and No 3's at $7. Prices of Codfish and Herring are unchanged.

FRUIT—The demand for all descriptions has increased.—There is a fair inquiry for Spanish Raisins, at $4,@@@@ box; $2 for halves, and $1@1,@@ for quarters. A sale of Havana Oranges at $@,50 ₱ bbl. Dried Fruit comes in slowly, and is in steady demand. Sales of Dried Apples at 7@@c, and Peaches at @@@c for unpared and halves, and 15@17c for pared, according to quality. Cranberries sell at $@@@@ ₱ bbl.

FINSENG—Prices are nominal for both Cleaned and Crude, and there is nothing doing.

GUANO—There is nothing doing in any description.

HEMP—Continues exceedingly small, and no transactions have come under our notice.

HIDES—An import of 12,000 Laguayra have arrived, part of which were previously contracted for on terms not made public, including a lot of Pablo Cabello at 26@@c.

HOPS—There is very little inquiry for new crop Eastern and Western, at @@@@c ₱ lb. Old crop are very dull.

LEATHER—Of all descriptions is scarce and commands full prices.

LUMBER—The season is about over. A cargo of Cedar Logs sold, to arrive, at $@,@@ per M, and some Bangor from the wharf at $@,@@. A sale of Spruce Joist at $@@ per M feet.

NAVAL STORES—There has been very little doing. Among them we notice some Common Rosin at $@,@@ per bbl and No 2 at $@ per bbl. No change in Tar or Pitch. Spirits of Turpentine has been in limited demand, and about 200 bbls sold at @@@@c, cash, and time.

OILS—Linseed Oil continues dull, and prices rather drooping. A sale of 2000 gallons Crude Whale was made at 38c, and some Winter at 90c, on time. A small sale of Winter Lard Oil at $@,@@, and 30 bbls, "chilled" at 86c., 4 mos. Red Oil continues scarce.

Imports of Sperm and Whale Oil and Whalebone into the United States for the week ending Dec. 1st, 1856:

	Sperm, Bls.	Whale, Bbls.	Lbs Bone.
Total	1430		
Previously	26,895	184,904	2,377,400
From Jan'y to date	28,325	184,904	2,377,400
Same time last year	27,571	121,031	2,728,000

PLASTER—There is but little offering, and no sales have been reported.

RICE is held with rather more firmness. Sales of 100 casks in lots at @@@@c ₱ lb, on time.

SALT—There has been no change. A cargo of 4000 bushels Turks Island, and 1500 sacks Liverpool Ground sold on private terms.

SEEDS—The demand for Clover seed has fallen off, and the receipts are increasing. Holders have been compelled to accept lower prices. Sales of 2000 bush prime, in lots, at $7,62½@7,50 ₱ bush, closing at the latter figure. Timothy is held about $2 ₱ bush. Flaxseed is dull at our last quotations.

SPICES—Prices remain without change. Small sales of Nutmegs at 85@@c, and Mace at 75c ₱ lb, 4 mos.

SPIRITS—The demand for Brandy and Gin, and prices of the former are firmer. N E Rum continues to command 34@37c, with but a very limited amount offering. Whiskey has advanced. Sales of Easton bbls at 32@33c. Prices at 31@ bbls at 30@31c, and Drudge at 28@29c.

TALLOW—Prices are unchanged, but the demand continues limited. Sales of City Rendered at 11@@, and Country at 10@@ ₱ lb, cash.

TEAS—Are looking up, particularly for Green, but the demand has been limited.

TOBACCO—Prices continue very firm for both Leaf and Manufactured, and there is a steady demand for the supply of the trade.

WOOL—The market continues very firm, and the stocks, particularly of the lower grades, are exceedingly light. Sales of 150,000 lbs at 40 to 45c ₱ lb, 6 mos.

BALTIMORE CATTLE MARKET.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market was not very active. For all descriptions of super Flour there were buyers at $@,50 ₱ bbl, but *holders* were generally asking higher rates. The sales were at Howard Street, super, and @@ bbls City Mills super at $@,@@ cash. There were no sales of Ohio super. Family and Extra Flour—Holders of Howard Street and Ohio extra are generally asking $7 ₱ bbl and $@,25@@,50 for family do, but we have no report of the quotations. We still quote Baltimore extra by the dray load at $@,@@, and family do ₱ bbl. Corn Meal—We have no sales to note. We now quote City Meal at $@,@@ ₱ bbl. Country do may be still quoted at $@,@@, but it is still dull of sale. Rye Flour—We have no sales to report. We now quote new Rye Flour at $@,@@@@,@@ ₱ bbl; and old at $@,@@@@,@@ ₱ bbl.

GRAIN AND SEEDS—Wheat—There was very little activity in the Wheat market; prices, however, had an upward tendency. The receipts were rather limited, there being only 2000 bushels offered, and sales of white fair to good at 130@135c; good to prime @@@@@c, closing 130@@; red 147@148c.

CORN—There was a fair demand for Corn, and prices were steady. There were 20,000 bushels offered, and sales of new white at 52@@c; old do @@@@c; new yellow @@@@c; old do @@@@c.

OATS—There was a fair inquiry for Oats, and we have no change to note in prices. Sales were made at @@@@ to @@c.

RYE—There were not much offered, and sales of Maryland at 70@@c, and new Penna @@@@ ₱ bus.

SEEDS—We have no sales to note. We now quote Clover seed at $7,@@@@; Timothy $@,@@@@,@@ ₱ bus.

WHISKEY—There is a fair inquiry, but the transactions are very limited. Prices are rather unsettled. We note a sale of 100 bbls City at @@c. We quote Ohio at @@@@c ₱ gallon.

Dec. 15.—Flour is firm; Wheat slightly better; Corn steady. Sales of whiskey at @@@@c.

BRIGHTON CATTLE MARKET.

At market 3025 Beeves, 200 Stores, 3120 Sheep and Lambs, and 1800 Swine.

Prices—Market Beef—Extra, $@,@@; first quality, $@@@@; second do $7,@@; third do $@.

Working Oxen—$@@, @@, @@@@; common @@@@.

Milch Cows—$@@, @@, @@@@; common @@@@.

Veal Calves—No sales noticed.

Yearlings—@@@@.

Two years old—$@@@@.

Three years old—$@@@@.

Hides—@@@@c ₱ lb.

Calf Skins—@@@@c ₱ lb.

Tallow—Sales at @@ ₱ lb, rough @@.

Sheep and Lambs—Extra $@@@; sales @@@ @@, $@, $@@@@.

Pelts—$@@@@.

Swine—@@@@c ₱ lb.

Cattle are sold here by the head at prices ₱ lb equal to the estimated weight of Beef in the quarter, together with the fifth quarter, or the hide and tallow at the same price, at a shrink from live weight agreed upon by the parties.

Number of cars over the different roads—Western 125, Fitchburg 132, Lowell 26, Boston and Maine 54. Total 337.

BALTIM

THE PRESIDENT ELECT.

An Irish paper, the Londonderry Standard, gives the following account of the ancestry of the President elect. We know nothing of its correctness, but as it possesses some interest, we publish it here:

James Buchanan is now President of the United States, and a brief notice of his historical lineage may not be uninteresting to some of our readers. The Clan Buchanan, though located in the Highlands of Scotland since the tenth century, derives its origin from the O'Kanes of County Derry, according to its oldest archives and traditions, as published in the year 1728, by William Buchanan, of Auchmar, under the title of "*An Historical and Genealogical Essay upon the Family and Surname of Buchanan.*" This volume was reprinted at Edinburgh, in 1775, and it contains the accredited history of the sept, as drawn up by one of its chiefs from documentary and other sources.

The story is briefly this—Aslan Buidhe O'Kane was one of the Irish youths who, in the habit of ladies, had attended the celebrated banquet given by Turgesius, the Danish general, to his officers, and who, with concealed daggers under their dresses, dispatched their brutal enemies when the latter imagined they had in prospect only scenes of drunken licentiousness. When the Danes recovered from the surprise into which they had been thrown by the slaughter of their leaders, they inflicted terrible revenge upon the native Irish, and Aslan O'Kane, with a small band of attendants, passed over to the north of Argyleshire, near the Lennox, where he settled, and soon afterwards distinguished himself in the service of the Scottish monarch in two battles against the Danes of England. Extensive lands were consequently assigned to Aslan and his followers, who, during two centuries afterwards, were called "Mac Aslan"—in modern orthography "M'Causland," this having been the original designation of the Clan Buchanan. The name of Buchanan appears in the first instance to have been territorial—"*Buadh Chuanain*"—"*Cuanan's conquest*;" and it was not till the 13th century that it was assumed as a surname, a portion of the clan, however, still retaining their ancient family name of "Mac Aslan." In ancient charters the name of Buchanan frequently appears as "O'Quahnanan," ("*Ui Chuanain,*") with the regular Irish prefix, meaning descendants of Cuanan, or Conan, and between them and the Dungiven O'Kanes a friendly recognition of kindred, according to our author, was constantly maintained. The powerful clan in question was divided eventually into the leading families of Auchmar, Arnpryor, Drumikill, Lenny, Carbeth, Auchneiven, &c., and from these principal stems branched off, in the course of time, a considerable number of sub denominations, as the "M'Causlands," M'Millans, M'Watties, M'Robbs, M'Collmans, M'Aldins, a section of the M'Kinleys, ("son of Finley,") &c., &c. The ancestors of the principal families of M'Causland in the north of Ireland are stated by our author to have been "Andrew and John Mac Auselan, sons of the Baron Mac Auselon, who went out of the parish of Luss to that kingdom in the latter part of the reign of James VI. Alexander, a son of Andrew Mac Auselan, held a commission in the army during the civil wars in the reign of Charles I., and he acquired "partly by debenture and partly by purchase, the estates of Resh and Aristraw, in the county of Tyrone." Amongst the ancestors of the Buchanans in Ulster, our author mentions Robert, son of the Laird of Blairbeuchan, a cadet of the Drumikill family, who went to Ireland and resided in Glenmaqueen, in the county of Derry," also a cadet of the Drumhead family, named George, who is said to have resided in the neighborhood of Raphoe. This gentleman, we are informed, "purchased a pretty good interest in that kingdom," and had two sons, of whom "the eldest succeeded to his interest; the youngest was a clergyman." From Finlay, son of Patrick Buchanan, called "*Courrui,*" or the "champion, in consequence of his daring character," are descended Alexander Buchanan, father to James Buchanan, now of Cremannan, who, with his sons, resides in Ireland," the author adding in a subsequent passage, "of Patrick, the fourth son of Patrick, the Courrui, is descended Finlay Buchanan, in Laggan of Tyrconnell, in Ireland, who has some brethren, and other relations of that race, residing near Raphoe, and some other places of that kingdom." A branch of the Carbeth Buchanan also settled in Tyrone and Donegal, and one of its members, George, in Munster, while those of the same name in Down and Antrim are generally descended from the family of Wester Ballat, a cadetship of the house of Drumikill.

James Buchanan, the American President, is descended from a family of those early settlers in the north of Ireland. His grandfather, we believe, was a farmer in the townland of Tattyreagh, parish of Drumragh, in county Tyrone, about four miles from Omagh. His father, the eldest of two sons, emigrated to the United States some time towards the end of the last century, and died in America, having never revisited his native country. Some of his relatives are still resident in county Tyrone, and occupy respectable positions in society.

"THE HAIR SNAKE."—The New England Farmer, dwelling upon this singular species of "animated nature," says:

Science has not satisfactorily determined either the origin or the modes of existence of these animals. In reply to inquiries by a correspondent of the Michigan Farmer, who found hair snakes in a pan of milk, Mr. Justus Gage, of that State, furnishes a very interesting account of his experiments and observations. He is satisfied of the fact that both the large and small lokets deposit these snakes in water, during the month of August; but whether the cricket resorts to the water to rid itself of a parasite, or to pursuit a natural product of its body, he is unable to determine. Mr. G. says that one morning after he had been experimenting in his room, throwing crickets into water to obtain snakes, he had succeeded in procuring two, of about inches in length, he noticed a black cricket ewling up the side of his water-pail. "It pped into the water, lay quiet for a moment, danced a snake nearly seven inches in length, then nimbly made its escape over the edge the pail." He also found a live hair snake, early seven inches in length, coiled up in the domen of a dead cricket that lay on its back er a flat stone. The hair snake, he says, lives a long time in moist earth, where he has and them of a grayish or white color, sometimes of great length, and much resembling the roots root of some vegetable. When seen rough a magnifying glass, the hair snake presents an almost exact resemblance to the lamprey

A lady of our acquaintance found a hair snake ter tea-kettle, one morning, a few years since. had been standing where a cricket might have by the spout; but she is hardly willing to give up the theory of her girlhood, that it was a vivified horse hair.

CHINESE SUGAR CANE.—The Delaware Gazette says: We have received a stalk of the Chinese Sugar Cane from Elihu Jefferson, Esq., of New Castle, which is eleven feet high, and about one inch in diameter, bearing a large number of seed on the top. The stalk is very much like our common broom corn, and more like what some parts of the country is called "coffee corn." The seeds are of a dark color. Mr. Jefferson planted his seed last season, very late, on his farm in Appoquinimink Hundred, where he says it grew very luxuriantly without any attention being paid to it. He has about thirty stalks, some of which are much larger than the specimens sent us. From these stalks, Mr. Jefferson will take a very large amount of seed, and he informs us that he will plant about half an acre next spring, and give the cane a fair trial.

"THE OLDEST INHABITANT."—Peter Nassan, a colored man, now a resident of Woodstock, Vermont, has, it is stated, reached the extraordinary age of one hundred and twenty-six years! and is doubtless the oldest man living in this country. His history has been traced out by Hon. Hall Hazkell, Esq., town clerk of Woodstock, and appears he was born two years before Washington; was forty-six years old at the date of the Declaration of Independence, and long before the second war with Great Britain broke out he had passed the Scriptural limit of life—three score years and ten!

FUGITIVE SLAVES.—It is stated in the Canada papers, that a movement is on foot in Canada, to procure the passage of an Act of Parliament, by which fugitive slaves may be sent back to the United States.

Southern Commercial Convention.

The Southern Commercial Convention met at Savannah, on Dec. 8th, and inaugurated its proceedings by a speech from the Mayor, and a prayer delivered by Bishop Elliott. There were about six hundred delegates in attendance, representing ten of the Southern States: Arkansas, Mississippi, Missouri, Kentucky, and Delaware not being represented. James Lyons, of Va., was appointed President.

On Dec. 9th, resolutions deprecating the education of Southern youth at the North, and advocating the encouragement of Southern schools and manufactures; instructing Southern members of Congress to repeal the Tariff, to repeal all laws interdicting the slave trade, and to procure a treaty for the rendition of slaves from Canada, were laid on the table.

On Dec. 10th, a motion was made to take from the table a resolution relative to the opening of the slave trade. A spirited debate ensued. Mr. Spratt, of the Charleston *Standard*, Mr. Goulding, of Georgia, Messrs. Cropper and Green, of Virginia, and Mr. McLeod, of Texas, defended the renewal of the slave-trade, and advocated taking up the resolution. Messrs. Hunter and Gholson, of Virginia, and Mr. Richardson, of Maryland, opposed the introduction of the subject, and the motion to take up the resolution was lost by a vote of 16 to 68, South Carolina, Texas, and part of Tennessee being the only affirmative vote.

On Dec. 11th, Mr. Debow, of Louisiana, from the Business Committee, offered various resolutions, appointing the next meeting of the Convention to take place at Knoxville to August of next year, endorsing Dudley Mann's scheme for establishing a line of iron steam ferry boats, of 3,000 tons each, to ply between Chesapeake Bay and Milford Haven—recommending the encouragement of the mining and manufacturing interests of the South, &c., &c., which were adopted.

Mr. Semmes reported favorably upon the interoceanic communication in the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, and offered a resolution recommending Congress to make a contract with the Sloo Company for the transportation of the mails between New Orleans and California by that route. Adopted.

Resolutions favoring the Pacific Railroad were adopted.

On Dec. 12th, resolutions for the appointment of a committee to inquire into the expediency of re-opening the slave trade, were further debated.

Mr. Albert Pike made an eloquent speech in opposition to the measure, on the ground of humanity, and hoped the whole world would ultimately be free. Mr. Baker replied.

The resolutions were rejected by a vote of 24 yeas to 61 nays, Alabama, South Carolina and Texas voting in the affirmative.

The vote on the resolution in relation to re-opening the slave trade, was explained by an amendment, that the said vote was not actuated by any feeling of deference to the North.

Thanks were voted to the railroad companies who gave the members free passage, and to the citizens of Savannah for their hospitality, after which the Convention adjourned.

IMPORTANT INVENTION.—IMPROVED COTTON YARNS.—Mr. Henry has invented a machine for the manufacture of improved cotton yarns, which is considered a very valuable improvement in the South. The only practicable mode of transporting cotton from the plantation to the manufacturers is to press it into bales; and this involves the necessity of opening and disentangling it, breaking up the fibre, and causing much of the substance to fly off in waste, as well as to weaken the yarn into which it is made. Mr. Henry's arrangement is not difficult to adopt, as the cost of the machinery for the whole process is not equal to the enhanced value of the first crop spun, and it avoids the necessity of these destructive operations.

The cotton is taken immediately from the gin, when it passes through machinery which throws out such foreign substances as the gin has not removed, and the cotton is spun into yarn. As the cotton is quite open and fleecy, when passing from the gin, the leaf and trash can be blown out with much less difficulty than it can be after the cotton has been matted by handling and packing the bales. It is spun, too, when the material is oily, and in the fall and winter months, when it manufactures more freely than it does in the heat of summer. It can be spun by the ordinarily unemployed labor of the plantation, and a better yarn is produced with a saving of waste equal to 10 per cent. The advantages of the improvement are:

1st. It presents to the family of man a yarn, all of 50 per cent. better than can be manufactured by the present processes, and which secures to itself the markets of the world, defying all competition.

2nd. The machinery can be conveniently arranged on the plantation where the cotton is ginned, and very little additional power to that which gins, will also spin it.

3rd. The machinery working like clock work, with the exception of one skillful carder and spinner, to superintend from one to a half-dozen plantations, the little children on each plantation from 8 to 12 years old, and a few of the women not required to work out, will be fully sufficient to spin up the crop, in addition to those now employed to manage the gin, and in a week's time these will learn enough to proceed successfully with it.

4th. The crop can be spun up in season to withdraw any hands necessary to spring planting, that may have aided in spinning.

5th. In effect, it will double the exports of the country, and generate and set in operation new improvements and enterprises.

A TRADE OF THE ILL FATED LYONNAIS.—The following is an extract from a letter received from Captain Peabody, of ship Neptune, which sailed from New York, on the 5th inst., for Liverpool. This undoubtedly refers to the ill-fated Lyonnais:

"The mate came down and told me there was a wreck in sight. I went on deck and saw it was a small boat. Lowered a boat and soon had her made fast of us. Commenced unloading her of her contents. The boat was large and well filled with provisions. Six bottles of brandy, two kegs of wine, hams, meat, two chronometers, and a quantity of silver coin, (about $500.) I suppose the boat belonged to a French steamer, as there was a spyglass on one end of which was engraved, '*Cie Franco Americaine Steamer Lyonnais.*'"

Two hypotheses are current with regard to this empty boat. The first is that, no oars, compasses or sails being found on board, it was separated from the ship before it was fully loaded, and before any persons had embarked therein. The other is that it contained the captain and several passengers, who were fallen in with and rescued by some outbound vessel at a time when on account of the roughness of the sea, it was not possible to take anything from the boat but the passengers. In the latter event, they may, it is thought, turn up on board some vessel at a foreign port.

The following paragraph appears in the Liverpool *Times* of Nov. 27th:

"A large screw steamer, under sail only, was seen on the 12th instant, in lat. 51 N., lon. 21 W., by the Logan, Taylor, arrived at Havre. It is probable that she may have been the Lyonnais, Duvauld, which left New York on the 1st instant, and has not since been heard of."

Since the above was in type, a statement made by a lady, one of the rescued passengers of the Lyonnais, informs us that this boat broke away from the vessel after it was provisioned and furnished, but before any person had entered it. The boat she was in afterwards met this boat, drifting, and took it in tow for three days, but was finally compelled to let it go.

AN ENTERPRISING WOMAN.—An old woman in Louisville pays $50 rent for a portion of the ground over which Bear Grass Creek flows, merely to have the privilege of collecting the grease floating on the surface of the creek from the hog slaughtering houses located on that stream. She has been engaged in the traffic for a number of years, says the Courier, and realized the first season the handsome sum of four hundred dollars. At that time she had the gleanings or skimmings all to herself, but since then a good deal of rivalry has sprung up in the trade.

A VALUABLE INVENTION.—M. Dubrulle, a French inventor, has just perfected Davy's lamp, by establishing a connexion between the burner and the shade, so that if the latter is withdrawn the light is put out. Workmen are thus prevented from exposing themselves to the risk of an explosion.

NEW ROAD.—A new Missouri railroad is projected, to run from Keokuk, Iowa, at the northeast corner of Missouri to Kansas City, Mo., through Memphis, Kirksville, Linnæus, and Chillicothe. This will make a straight line across Missouri, in a south-easterly direction, to the border of Kansas Territory, at the mouth of Kaw River. A large Convention, composed of Delegates from Keokuk, Kansas City, and the counties of Lewis, Scotland, Adair, Linn, and Livingston, Missouri, has been held at Linnæus, at which the route was determined upon. This road, when built, will form one of the most important avenues to Kansas and New Mexico.

A GERMAN CITY.—A German city, inhabited by Germans, and built after the style of residences in Germany, is about being erected at Egg Harbor, to be called Egg Harbor City, and a meeting to take measures for assisting in its erection, was held on Saturday week. The property is to be owned entirely by Germans, and lots are to be sold, to be paid for in instalments of two dollars per month. It is the impression of the principal movers in the matter that they can, in the course of a few years, erect a large and prosperous city at the place above named. Everything is to be modelled in building, &c., after the style of the cities in Germany.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 238—Adults 78, and children 155.

GAS.—A fine spring has been discovered four miles above New Baltimore, Michigan, on the border of Lake St. Clair. They had drawn up the auger to the place where they left off digging, and there left it, and were at dinner, when they were startled by a violent noise, at first like an explosion, and then followed another, like "blowing off" a large steam boiler, accompanied by a perceptible trembling of the foundation of the house. We clip the above from an exchange, without comment, remarking, as pertinent, that when we advise them to get their clothing only of Granville Stokes, No. 26 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia, it is not—Gas.

ROOT GALLERY.—Sun-lit Crayons, a new wonder, superior to Ambrotypes, taken by Cook only, corner of Fifth and Chestnut, Philadelphia. oct11-tf

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☞ EMPLOYMENT FOR THE WINTER.—Persons out of employment may find that which is both profitable and pleasant by addressing ROBERT SEARS, Publisher, 181 William Street, New York. nov29-tf

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THE VALUE OF REPUTATION.—Good name in man or woman is the especial jewel of their lives; but what would good name be without a good appearance? Ag well might the Redeemer be kept enshrined in a shabby casket, as that a man possessing an unimpeachable name should impair its value by going in mean garments when such superb articles of dress can be purchased at the Brown Stone Clothing Hall of Rockhill & Wilson, Nos. 603 and 605 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

TO SUFFERERS FROM GENERAL NERVOUS DEBILITY.—Just published, the history and uses of the Ignotia Amara and the mode of Self-Cure, with remarks on its peculiar properties in removing various unhealthy and irritable conditions of the Brain and Nervous System, by John M. Dewsnap, 20 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, New York. A copy of which he will send free, on the receipt of two Postage Stamps. dec29-4t

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NEVER TOO LATE.—Many just within the grasp of consumption are saved every year by the faithful use of Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry. Its success in allaying and curing severe protracted coughs is remarkable.

A REMARKABLE CURE OF INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM.

Greenville, Green Co., Tenn., July 6th, 1856.

Dr. D. Jayne,

Dear Sir:

I hope you will not take it amiss to receive a letter from a friend at a distance, informing you of the effect of one of your Family Medicines—the Alterative. In November last, one of my sons was taken with a violent pain in his hip, and we thought he would not live. His family physician was called in, and pronounced his ailing inflammatory rheumatism. The doctor attended him for the space of five or six weeks, but child got weaker every day. For six weeks he could not be moved in his bed, but thank God his mother was looking over one of your almanacs, and found a case of one Patterson, whose disease was the same as my son's. She did not advise him what to do, but got one of his brothers to read the case to him, and if he was willing to quit the doctor, and try your Alterative, we would procure some for him. He gave his consent, and we bought six bottles of it. As soon as he began taking it the pain got more easy. I think it was eighteen bottles he made use of, and then mended on. He is now going about and working, but still is slightly lame. I believe if he had continued with the doctor, and not taken your Alterative, he would have been in his grave at the time, but with the blessing of God, and the help of your medicine, our son is now in the land of the living.

No more at present, I remain your friend and well wisher until death. PETER HARMON, Sr.

The Alterative is prepared only by Dr. D. JAYNE & SON, Philadelphia, and for sale by their agents throughout the United States. nov29-4t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 11th of Sept. by the Rev. George Chandler, Mr. JOHN HOCKMAN, to Miss ALICE SAMPSON.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. Daniel Gaston, Mr. OLIVER BENNER, to Miss LIZZIE BLACK, both of Philadelphia.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. Charles Wadsworth, Maj. HIRAM PIERSON, of Frankfort, Ky., to Miss VILETTA KING, daughter of J. D. Hardwick, Esq., of New York.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. Thomas Brainerd, D. D., Mr. SAMUEL CELBRETH, of Dover, Del. to Miss ISABELLA D. BOWERS, of Talbot county, Md.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. William Urie, Mr. JOSEPH DAWSON, of Pudsey, Northampton county, to Miss ELLA C. KICHLINE, of Philadelphia.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. William B. Stevens, D. D., Mr. RUSSELL SMITH, to Miss LYDIA A. daughter of John W. Harris, Esq.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. John A. Rocke, Mr. BENJAMIN SHORT, to Miss LIZZIE THOMPSON, both of this city.

On the 25th of Feb. last, by the Rev. Thomas Moore, Mr. WILLIAM E. SHANNON, to Mrs. VIRGINIA E. DUNCAN, both of this city.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. J. M. McCarter, Mr. HENRY F. SNYDER, of Philadelphia, to Mrs. MARGARET DONATAKER, of New York.

On the 27th ultimo, by Friends' ceremony, in the presence of Mayor VAUX, JESSE J. ROGERS, to CHARLOTTE SPENCEMAN, both of Philadelphia.

On the 4th ultimo, by the Rev. John G. Wilson, Mr. JOHN A. HARTHWICK, to Miss MARY A. HANSEN, both of Philadelphia.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. William O. Johnstone, Mr. EDWARD GRAHAM, to Miss HARRIET FERGUSON, all of Kensington.

On the 16th ultimo, by the Rev. John Chambers, Mr. WILLIAM LEIBERT, to Miss MARIA HAYNES, both of this city.

On the 20th ultimo, by the Rev. William H. Elliott, Mr. WILLIAM E. SMITH, to Miss MARY J. MADDOCK, both of this city.

On the 18th ultimo, by the Rev. T. W. J. Wylie, Mr. WILLIAM FRAZER, to Miss MARY J. FLEMMING, both of this city.

On the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. O. Quigley, Mr. ROBERT CORNELL, to ESTHER B. daughter of David Bowman, both of Germantown.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. A. O. Halsey, Mr. A. HALSEY VANKERDALEN, of Bucks county, to ANNA M. daughter of Mr. John C. Deuning, of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. Edgar M. Levy, Mr. JOSEPH E. BURK, to Miss REBECCA T. HORNE, both of Delaware county.

On the 2d instant, in Baltimore, by the Rev. W. N. Brook, WILLIAM I. MARSHALL, Esq. of Philadelphia, to Miss MARY W. WILLIAMS, of Baltimore.

On the 9th instant, before Mayor VAUX, Mr. JOHN DAVIS, of Chester county, Pa. to Miss JANE B. TEMPLE, of Wilmington, Del.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. RAYMOND HARCUM, to Miss SARAH A. M. PARMENTER, both of this city.

On the 20th instant, by the Rev. John McDowell, Mr. P. R. BUDDY, to Miss MAGGIE STEEN, daughter of the late Robert Steen, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 9th instant, Mrs. MARGARET SERRELL, aged 68 years.

On the 29th instant, MARY ELIZABETH, daughter of Elijah B. and Sophia Orwig, aged 5 years.

On the 29th instant, Mr. GEORGE J. GRUBER, aged 38 years.

On the 9th instant, Mrs. ROSANNA BOWERS, aged 92 years.

On the 10th instant, RACHEL ANN, daughter of Francis and Rachel A. Maylard, aged 8 years and 3 months.

On the 9th instant, MARY J. YOUNG, aged 4 years and 6 mos.

On the 9th instant, GEORGE W., son of G. W. and Adelino Dewees, aged 3 years and 9 months.

On the 10th instant, HANNAH FRENCH, wife of Henry Rayson.

On the 16th instant, WILLIAM, only son of Michael and Maria Dietz, aged 17 years.

On the 16th instant, Mr. DAVID MORRISON, aged 34 years.

On the 9th instant, HUGH BYRNES, aged 37 years and 6 mos.

On the 9th instant, ELIZABETH, daughter of Geo. W. and Isabella Kirk.

At Haverford, Delaware county, HANNAH LYONS, aged 74.

On the 10th instant, Mr. JOHN PAGE, Sr. aged 71 years.

On the 9th instant, JOHN, son of Nicholas and Amanda Rumsel, aged 19 years.

On the 7th instant, Capt. ISAAC HOLDERON, of Brigantine Beach, Atlantic county, N. J. aged 54 years.

On the 9th instant, THOMAS JAMES, son of Geo. and Abby Thompson, aged 4 years and 6 months.

On the 6th instant, Mrs. ELIZABETH M'GOWEN, aged 71.

On the 6th instant, MARGARET, wife of Thos. McDonald, aged 32 years.

In Camden, on the 7th instant, DAVID W. son of Enoch and Mary W. Cook, aged 10 years.

At Willow Grove, Montgomery county, on the 7th instant, Mr. JOHN CHRISTOPHER, aged 85 years.

On the 8th instant, JACOB LEE, aged 67 years.

On the 8th instant, CHARLES STERLMAN, son of Philip and Agnes Dick, aged 5 years.

On the 8th instant, EMMA CORNELIA, daughter of Geo. W. and Jane D. Myers, aged 2 years and 2 months.

On the 7th instant, GEORGE MCGOVNEY, aged 19 years and 2 months.

On the 8th instant, ROBERT H. A. son of the late P. R. and Sarah A. Newman, aged 2 years.

On the 29th instant, Mrs. JANE RAE.

On the 8th instant, DAVID CHEVERS, son of David T. and Rebecca A. Chelton, aged 3 years.

On the 8th instant, JULIA ANN, wife of William Clements, aged 38 years.

On the 7th instant, WILLIAM JAMES, son of E. A. and Elizabeth Lowe, aged 4 years.

On the 7th instant, in Bristol, Pa. DAVID JOHNSON, aged 62.

On the 6th instant, JOHN GREEN, aged 86 years.

On the 8th instant, MARY, wife of John Kilfore, aged 47.

On the 7th instant, WILLIAM MADDOX, aged 18 years.

On the 10th instant, Mrs. SARAH ANN, wife of Chas. Stockton, aged 32 years.

On the 8th instant, MARY, wife of John Cowen, aged 23.

On the 6th instant, JOSEPH D. CROPPER, aged 2 years and 7 months.

On the 6th instant, ANNA MARIA, daughter of Jesse C. and Sarah Kessel, aged 3 years.

On the 8th instant, MARY A. ECCLES.

On the 6th instant, KATIE, daughter of Jas. and Margaretta E. Gurge, aged 4 years.

On the 8th instant, SAMUEL SCOTT, aged 59 years.

On the 6th instant, Mrs. ABIGAIL JONES, aged 56 years.

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Whereas, For the first time since the creation of this Prison it has been comfortably heated during the past winter by the Boynton Patent Heaters, introduced by A. W. Rand. And *Whereas,* Notwithstanding the extreme severity of the winter, a saving of over *one hundred and fifty tons of coal* (or twenty per cent.) has been effected by their use; therefore

Resolved, That we deem it a duty to the inventor and proprietor of the Boynton Heater thus to express our high satisfaction of its performance, and that we can confidently recommend its introduction into other public institutions.

Resolved, That the Clerk of the Prison be requested to hand a copy of these resolutions, properly attested, to Mr. Rand.

J. KESSLER, Jr., President.

Attest—JOSEPH R. HOWELL, Clerk.

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For 1857.

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THE JANUARY NUMBER
To be ready December 20.

CONTENTS.

THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION. With eight excellent engravings.
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MADAM ROLAND. With an elegant Portrait.
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THE SEWING GIRL. By Mrs. E. Oakes Smith.
GOD SEEN IN HIS WORKS. Stanzas. By Xenette.
HENRY J. RAYMOND AS the Times Portrayed.
A MEDDLESOME WOMAN. By Periwinkle.
THE SUN. Poetry.
ORNITHOLOGY OF NORTH AMERICA. With several superb engravings.
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THE COMMODORE'S SON. A new and interesting Novel.
AMERICA

Wit and Humor.

THE VEGETABLE KINGDOM.

The term vegetable—sometimes pronounced wegetable—is probably derived from the peculiar long and pointed form of this description of esculents, hence originally called wedgeeatables, then wegetables, and now refined into the present term.

Annual flowering plants resemble whales, as they come up to blow.

Flowers are very warlike in their disposition, and are ever armed with pistils.

Like dandies, the coating of many trees in their most valuable portion. Cork trees and boot trees, for instance.

Grain and seeds are not considered dangerous except when about to shoot.

Several trees, like watch dogs, are valued mostly for their bark.

A little bark will make a rope, but it takes a large pile of wood to make a cord.

Though there are no vegetable beaux, there are a number of spruce trees.

It is considered only right and proper to axe trees before you fell them.

Fruit trees have military characteristics; when young they are trained; they have many kernels and their shoots are straight.

Grain must be treated like infants; when the head bends it must be cradled; and threshing is resorted to to fit it for use.

Tares are mostly found with the smaller grains—which require sowing.

Great indulgence in fruit is dangerous—and too free a use in melons produce a melon colic effect.

Old maids are fond of pairs, but cannot endure any reference to dates.

Sailors are attached to bays; oystermen to beeches; love-sick maidens to pine.—*Yankee Notions.*

DOG AND CAT CONVENTION ON THE HORSE-EATING MANIA.—An article having appeared in a fashionable contemporary, strongly advocating the introduction of horse flesh as a rival to English beef, great excitement was caused in that part of the population which has hitherto engrossed the former species of ailment. The agitation resulted in a numerously-attended meeting of cats and dogs, whereat was discussed the peril in which the threatened dietetic movement would place their supply of food. A common danger produced a temporary suspension of the state of hostility usually existing between the canine and feline races.

The cats at first proposed that the meeting should take place somewhere on the tiles, but this arrangement did not suit the dogs, and it was ultimately determined that the concourse should be held on the plain of a piece of open ground.

The chair was taken by a Skye terrier, as much by the force of habit as by the suggestion of the assembly.

The chair-dog said that he occupied a disinterested position, inasmuch as his own personal fare consisted of milk and bread and butter, morning and evening, whilst at dinner he had regularly his three courses and dessert, being treated in every respect as one of the family in which he held a situation. He could, however, sympathize with his less fortunate brethren and sisters, including—if he might be allowed to include—the feline portion of the assembly, with some of whose race he had lived in amicable relations.

A Newfoundland dog, whose expression indicated much sagacity, observed that if horse-flesh were to become an article of popular consumption, they (the cats and dogs) would get none, but what was rejected as unfit for human food; the consequence of which must be disease, or at least distemper.

An Irish greyhound vehemently protested that converting horse-flesh into butcher's meat would be taking the bread out of his mouth.

A bulldog declared that if he were deprived of his bit of horse he should go mad. Let society look to that!

The meeting was then addressed by a delegate from a pack of hounds, who insisted that the proposed interference with their diet would be destructive to the best interests of horse-flesh; as it would ruin every kennel, consequently knocking up hunting. He deprecated any change of the ultimate destination of the high mettled racer.

Several setters, pointers, and spaniels then delivered their sentiments, embarking in a rather noisy discussion.

The cats had hitherto retained a dogged silence, but several of them now spoke, all avowing their determination, if they were deprived of their meat, to indemnify themselves by additional stealing.

A resolution, proposed by the chair-dog, and seconded by a tortoise shell tom-cat, pledging all present to bite and scratch vigorously in defence of their vested rights, having been carried unanimously, the meeting separated.—*Punch.*

HUMAN NATURE.—They tell a good story of two bachelors down East, who lived a sort of cat-and-dog life, to their neighbors' discomfort, for a good many years, but who had been at camp-meeting, were slightly converted, and both of them concluded to reform!

"Brother Tom," says one, when they had arrived at their homes, "let us sit down, now, and I'll tell you what we'll do. You tell me all my faults, and I'll tell you of yourn, and so we will know how to go about mending of 'em."

"Good!" says brother Tom.

"Well, you begin."

"No, you begin, brother Joe."

"Well, in the first place, you know, brother Tom, you *will lie!*"

Crack! goes brother Tom's paw, and a considerable of a "scrimmage" ensues, until, in the course of about ten minutes, neither being able to come to time, reformation is postponed *sine die.*

A TALL SLAB-SIDED YANKEE, who was making his appearance at Cape May, last summer, strolled down to the beach during bathing-time. On seeing the bevy of beauties disporting in the waves, he burst out in a fit of enthusiasm.

"Je-ru-sa-lem! if that don't jest remind me of something good we have to hum."

"What is that?" remarked a friend who heard him."

"What is it?" said Jonathan, smacking his lips; "why, it's *lasses and water!*"

☞ "Why, Sambo, how black you are!" said a gentleman, the other day, to a negro waiter at an hotel, "how in the name of wonder did you get so black?" "Why, look a here, massa, de reason am dis—de day dis child was born, dere was an eclipse." Ebony received a shilling for his satisfactory explanation, and after grinning thanks, continued: "I tell you what it is, massa, dis nigga may be brack, but he ain't green, no how!"

A HIT AT THE HUSBANDS.—'Tis night. Through yonder open window the perfume-laden breath of summer is gently stealing. Who are those two beings sleeping so calmly on yonder couch? The young wife and her bosom's lord. Hark! Music soft and sweet as a brother's love breaks upon the sense; it mingles with her dreams, and angel-bands are ministering unto her. She wakes. 'Tis but of earth, but oh, how heavenly! Shall she arouse her husband that he too may luxuriate in the circumfusion of harmony? No, he is awake, and she will not break the spell by speaking.

"Wife," (ah! he is but a man, and must have sympathy, he is not satisfied to enjoy in silence.)

"Yes, dearest."

"I wish you'd throw a pitcher of water over those fellows; how can a body sleep with such a 'tootin' as that going on?"

☞ Mr. Brown is very hard of hearing; and a few days since, while he was conversing with several gentlemen in front of a store, his negro boy Ben came up and said:

"Please, massa, give me *two* bits, to buy some 'baccer."

"Eh?" said Mr. Brown, clapping his hand up to his ear, to form a trumpet.

"Please, massa, give me *four* bits to buy some 'baccer."

"Eh! Ben, you're risin' on me, eh? I might a better heerd you at first!"—*Porter's Spirit.*

OLD ENGLISH MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

Let us consider a little of the domestic economy of our forefathers, and see if the fancies in which some writers have indulged about the hospitable plenty and comfort that always reigned in the houses of the worshipful of the land are warranted by the facts of the case. The roast beef of old England, "the very fame of whose name has grown into our being," was positively unheard of. The only use that beeves were of, was undoubtedly to salt and boil; bread was a great luxury, not in common use even by the nobles; and as to nut-brown ale, what could it have been before the time of Henry VII., when hops were first introduced into this country? The records of the Percy family, in the time of Henry VII., show the extreme coarseness of the mode of living; and an extract or two from the household book of that famous family will give a better idea of the manner in which the most famous noble of the time lived, than anything else I know of. The permanent household numbered 166 persons, and the average of guests was fifty; and the whole of the washing for these 216 persons was, for one year 40s. (a sum probably equal to £40 in the present day), most of which was for the chapel linen. From Midsummer to Michaelmas was the only time they indulged in fresh meat; and the instructions say, "My lord has on his table, for breakfast, at seven in the morning, a quart of beer and wine, two pieces of salt fish, six red herrings, four white ones; and, on flesh days, half a chine of beef or mutton boiled." At dinner, men ranking as knights had a table-cloth, which was washed once a month; and as they had no napkins, and the fingers were extensively used in feeding, this portion at least of their linen must have been in a delightful condition. Until the thirteenth century, straw was the bed of Kings; and before that date the King and his family slept in the same chamber. The first change was to throw a coverlet over the sleeper—then another was used, and the persons undressed, their linen being substituted for blankets. Beatrice says she would "as lief sleep in the woolen;" which shows, I think, that such a thing was done, even in Shakspeare's time. The use of nothing but coarse, dirty woolen next the skin, seldom changed, and the heavy, exciting nature of the highly-salted food on which all lived, of course tended to produce those diseases for which hospitals were founded in this city, as in most others.—*The Builder.*

PLAIN WOMEN.—We like homely women. We have always liked them. We do not carry the peculiarity far enough to include the hideous or positively ugly; for since beauty and money are the only capital the world will recognise in women, they are more to be pitied than admired; but we have a chivalric, enthusiastic regard for plain women! We never saw one who was not modest, and unassuming, and sweet-tempered, and seldom came across one who was not virtuous, and had not a good heart. Made aware early in life of their want of beauty by the slighted attentions of the opposite sex, vanity and affectation never take root in their hearts. See them in the street, at home, or in the church, and they are always the same; and the smile which ever lives upon the face is not forced there to fascinate, but as the spontaneous sunshine reflected from a kind heart—a flower which takes root in the soul and blooms upon the lips, inspiring respect instead of passion. Plain women make good wives, good mothers, cheerful homes, and happy husbands.—*Golden Era.*

A SHARP VICAR.—A well-authenticated story has been told of a certain vicar, who, several years ago, lived at a few miles from Loughborough. He was rather eccentric, but not easily imposed upon. On a particular occasion he and several of the principal inhabitants dined together at one of the inns in the village, and one of the company, thinking that the affair would not be remunerative to the landlord, suggested that he might charge an extra bottle of wine or two on the bill, by way of making it up.

"That," said the landlord, "might be done, but the vicar put every cork into his pocket as a check to the account!"

AN ARABIAN WIDOW.—When an Arab woman intends to marry again after the death of her first husband, she comes in the night before her second marriage, to the grave of her dead husband. Here she kneels, prays to him, and entreats him "not to be offended—not to be jealous." As, however, she fears he will be jealous and angry, the widow brings with her a donkey, laden with two goat-skins of water. Her prayers and entreaties being done, she proceeds to pour on the grave the water to keep the first husband cool under the irritating circumstances about to take place—and having well saturated him she departs.

IS VIRTUE HEREDITARY?—Is a love of truth, justice, and goodness transmitted from parents to children? Facts appear to answer these questions in the affirmative. In England, it has been ascertained that out of one hundred criminal children, sixty were born of dishonest parents; thirty of parents who were profligate, but not criminal; and only ten of parents who were honest and industrious. The rule is, virtuous parents raise virtuous children. Not more than one out of every ten criminals has been born of honest, religious parents. The characters of parents and children are nearly as much alike as their features.

THE FIRST COOK.

Timid young Bride (with delicacy).—"You seem to have had, then, five new situations in four months. Is not that rather—how is—"

Raw-Boned Candidate (with energy).—"Bless yer 'art, mum, I've had such young *gooses* of Missuses, mum!"

Agricultural.

WATER FOR FARM ANIMALS.

As the season of the year is approaching when cattle often suffer from the want of water, and while, for those possessing stock who are inclined to make the requisite preparation, there still is opportunity for so doing, we propose to hint the necessity of adopting such measures as will the most readily and best promote the object in view, and at the same time redound to the health and comfort of the animals in their keeping.

All farm stock should have the facilities for obtaining water as nature prompts. For this purpose the receptacle containing it should be as contiguous to the yard or shed as possible.—When situated at a distance therefrom, they are apt to abstain for long periods, and when compelled to supply their wants frequently drink to excess, which inevitably results in depreciation of the animal heat. The means for replenishing the system should be easy of access. The farmer should avoid driving stock down steep banks to pond holes—accident often cost much more than thorough preparation. Again, the water should be fresh—stagnant pools are not the choice of stock, but are sought out and partaken of through compulsion.

Milch cows should not only be provided with a sufficiency of water—but it is equally necessary that it should be pure. Many dairymen are possessed of what would be termed "rather nice notions" by the masses, and yet the care and attention bestowed meets with a sure reward. If cows are accustomed to drink from a trough or other vessel, it ought to be kept clean. The *Farmers' and Graziers' Complete Guide* has the following on this subject:

"Dr. Jenner, who conferred that great blessing on mankind—the cow-pock inoculation—considered that giving pure water to cows was of more importance than persons are generally aware. There were farmers in his neighborhood whose cows, while they drank the pond water, were rarely free from red-water or swelled udders; and the losses they sustained from these causes, together with the numerous abortions their cows suffered, increased to an alarming extent. One of them at length, supposing that the water they drank had something to do with producing their disorders, sank wells upon his farm, and pumped the water therefrom into troughs for his cattle. His success was gratifying; the red-water soon ceased, and the swellings in the udder subsided; and the produce of the renovated animals increased both in quantity and quality.—Other farmers followed the same practice; and in less than six months not a case of red-water, swollen udder, or abortion, was heard of in the neighborhood."

Giving water in a tepid state is thought to increase the secretion of milk—instances are on record where water thus prepared has been also furnished to horses and all grades of neat cattle with marked beneficial results.

To your flock of sheep, water is an object of paramount importance. Many farmers seem to think that all the moisture necessary for their support can be derived from the snow eaten by them—others recognize the want, but contend that the animal is so likely to over-drink, so apt to fill the stomach with cold water, as to very much depreciate the amount of natural heat necessary for their well-doing. There is no just foundation for the latter cause of complaint where the animal can at all times gratify the desire for water, and even should the flock be possessed of such a tendency, good shelter will, in a great measure, overcome such defects. Many experiments have been made, and in all cases where sheep have been supplied with a sufficiency of water, they have been found healthier, the amount of fleece greater and possessing more elasticity, softness, and soundness, qualities to be sought for in its production. It cannot be expected that the wool fluids will be found abundant in sheep that are deprived of water except a large proportion of their food should be composed of roots. When such is the case, they will seldom drink unless after having used an excess of salt.

Among the various modes for procuring a supply of this element, the one most advantageously to be pursued at the present season of the year is the construction of cisterns. There are but few barns in the country the roofs of which will not shed an average of at least two barrels per day through the year—one 30 by 40 feet will do this and more—while the majority of such buildings, sheds, &c., will much increase this amount. Nor are these alone valuable for the mere purpose of watering stock. A well can but seldom be sunk in the vicinity of the barn-yard without danger of impure water, and if made at a distance to avoid such result, carrying to and fro whenever demands are made for the liquid, soon becomes laborious. In addition thereto, the use of pure soft water is much to be preferred.—Wooden cisterns seem to have the preference with most stock growers. An excellent plan is to first conduct the water from the roofs to a hogshead, in which is constructed a filter. The impurities are here collected and the fluid passes thence to the cistern clear. By this means cisterns seldom want cleaning—when the filter becomes imperfect it is readily got at and repaired, and much labor that would otherwise fall upon the stock grower is avoided.—*Rural New Yorker.*

THE DIOSCOREA BATTATAS.

The frequent inquiries we received relative to this famous esculent root, induce us to give authenticated experiments with it. The following is a statement furnished the Prairie Farmer, by an intelligent nurseryman of Illinois:

Last spring, among my importations from France, were five Dioscores or Japan potatoes; cost $1. They were about five inches long, size of a pipestem—they were laid one side in the hurry, and were not planted as soon by two or three weeks as they should have been, but were planted in my garden, where it was deeply spaded, and as nicely tended as any other vegetables.

Now, I suppose you and your readers would like to know something about the crop. They came up in due time after planting, grew, looked, and ran up a stake like our wild morning glory—first frost killed the vines. They were harvested a few days ago, and the entire crop is seven potatoes—if they can be called that—from nine to fifteen inches long, about one-third of the lower end of the largest swelled out to about three-quarters by one inch, the upper end the size of a large pipestem. They ran down perpendicularly and have to be dug with a spade. The whole crop would not make half of one meal for any well man.

Now, suppose I had paid $1 for one bushel of Carter potatoes, planted in as good soil, and tended as well—no doubt they would have turned out from ten to twenty bushels. Suppose only ten bushels, which is a small increase, wouldn't it look a little more like supporting a family, than *seven little Dioscorea pipestems!*

Now, Messrs. Editors, the *truth* is what we want. You know there has been much said about this Dioscorea's taking the place of our common potato. From my experience with it this season, I must confess that I do not see a shadow of a prospect for it. I hope every one that has tried it will give the result. If I am not mistaken, some have described the Dioscorea as growing in size for two years or more, until they get large and thick; if so, mine did not do so. I found the old ones when they were dug to be like any other potato. They had performed their part, and were lifeless, like any other variety at dying time. V. ALDRICH.

We have our experience with this "sustitute for the potato," to make known. We planted two small tubers, received from the Patent Office, in deep, rich ground, and took the same care of them that we did of other vegetables in the garden—a great deal more than that bestowed upon the common potato. In due time two little, unpretending "morning glory" vines made their appearance, and we stuck a pretty branched stick for them to run upon, which they did with great satisfaction, clinging very closely to their support. About the first of November, the vine having been killed by the frost, we took a spade and went in search of the "immense crop," and found after digging down, two roots, (now before us,) one about seven inches long, three-fourths of an inch in diameter at the thick end, which is at the bottom, then suddenly dwindling to the size of the above described pipestem. The other was about ten inches in length, and one inch in diameter at the extreme end, *which was rotten.* They would weigh about together three ounces, and look very much like an oyster-plant reversed. They are entirely too small to eat. This is a truthful statement.

A neighbor of ours allowed a tuber to remain in the ground two seasons, and on taking it up a month ago, had a somewhat larger return than we. It was over a foot in length, and about an inch and a-half in diameter at the big end, and would probably weigh four ounces. The thick end was cut off, boiled and eaten, and he says it had quite a pleasant taste. It was cultivated with care, in fine rich soil. Two year old roots should be taken up with a post-spade.

From the foregoing experiments, the Dioscorea Batata proves to be, what we were sure it would turn out, a failure—a complete failure. It never can become a general product of the farm. Like parsnips, carrots, or oyster-plants, it may be raised in the garden in the same way, and we presume it will; but as a field crop, and a "substitute for the potato," the idea is absurd.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

AGRICULTURAL EDUCATION.—When farming is conducted on scientific principles, the increase of crops would amply compensate for the labor and capital expended in its production; but when it is, as too often happens, regarded as one of those callings that only require strong arms and industrious habits to ensure success, it is very likely to prove anything but successful so long as the true principles of cultivating and maintaining the fertility of the soil remain unlearned. Strong hands and patient industry might suffice while population continued thin and scattered, and while the land was subject to a very small amount of impost, but in these days, when population has become dense, when the land is subject to high rent and heavy taxes, strong arms and industrious habits will not alone suffice to enable the farmer to meet and overcome his difficulties. In these days "the battle is not with the strong," but with the intelligent; and if the farmer expects to succeed in his profession, he must begin by acquiring a knowledge of the nature of the materials he has to operate upon—the nature of the productions he is to raise from them—and how best his great machine, the soil, shall be best maintained in efficient order.—*Mr. Quinn, of the Dromiskeen Model Agricultural School, County Louth, Ireland.*

TEA FOR SICK HORSES.—Linseed tea is not only a valuable medicine for sick horses, but it is exceedingly useful in cases of inflammation of the membranes peculiar to the organs of respiration and digestion; it shields and lubricates the same, tranquilizes the irritable state of the parts, and favors healthy action. We have prescribed linseed tea in large quantities, during the past month, for horses laboring under the prevailing influenza; they seemed to derive much benefit from it, and generally drank it with avidity Aside from the benefit derived from the action of mucilage and oil, which the seed contains, its nutritive elements are of some account, especially when given to animals laboring under soreness in the organs of deglutition, which incapacitates them from swallowing more solid food. In the event of an animal becoming prostrated by inability to masticate or swallow more food, linseed tea may be resorted to, and in cases of irritable cough, the addition of a little honey makes it still more useful. In the latter form, it may be given to animals laboring under acute or chronic disease of the urinary apparatus, more especially of the kidneys.

To Prepare Linseed Tea.—Put a couple of handsfull of the seed into a bucket, and pour a gallon and a half of boiling hot water upon it. Cover it up a short time; add a couple of quarts of cold water, when it will be fit for use.—*American Veterinary Journal.*

BANKING AROUND FRUIT TREES.—We are pleased to see that so many publishers of papers are now recommending the practice which we have advocated for some years past to guard fruit trees from mice in winter.

One minute to a tree will be time enough to be spent in protecting orchards through the winter from the ravages of field mice.

Any common laborer on a farm is competent to the task of banking around fruit trees. If they were mulched last spring the mulching need not be removed. Take a spade and bury it, and continue on till the bank around each tree is made ten or twelve inches high.

This will drive the mice away to seek better quarters unless your trees happen to stand near an old wall, where *mice* do congregate. In such a case the bank should be made higher.

This banking serves another purpose in addition to a mice-guard—it keeps the tree upright, and saves the cost of stakes and the injury which withes are likely to inflict when the tree is tied to them.

This bank should be levelled in the spring, yet not so as to make a dish for water to stand in around the tree. No kind of tree should stand in water for a single minute after a shower is over. —*Mass. Ploughman.*

Useful Receipts.

HOW TO KEEP PEAS FROM BIRDS AND MICE.—A little rosin powdered and dusted over peas, &c., when sown, effectually protects them from the depredations of birds, mice, and other vermin.—*Gardener's Chronicle.*

BUCKWHEAT CAKES.—To every three bushels of buckwheat, add one of good heavy oats; grind them together as if there was only buckwheat; thus will you have cakes always light and always brown, to say nothing of the greater digestibility, and the lightening of spirits, which are equally certain.

RECIPE TO MAKE A HAM BETTER THAN A WESTPHALIA.—As soon as the hog is cold enough to be cut up, take the two hams, and cut out the round bone, so as to have the ham not too thick, rub them well with common salt, and leave them in a large pan for three days. When the salt has drawn out all the blood, throw the brine away, and proceed as follows:

Have two hams, of about eighteen pounds each, take one pound of moist sugar, one pound of common salt, two ounces of saltpetre, then put them into a vessel large enough to contain them in the liquor, remembering always to keep the salt over them; after they have been in this state three days, throw over them a bottle of the best vinegar. One month is requisite for the cure of them; during that period, they must be turned often in the brine; when you take them out, drain them well; powder them with some coarse flour, and hang them in a dry place. The same brine can serve again, observing that you must not put so much salt on the next hams that you pickle. This method has been tried and pronounced far better than the Westphalia.—*Homestead.*

FURNITURE POLISH.—The proper way to make beeswax and turpentine for mahogany furniture which is not French polished, is to shred half-an-ounce of beeswax very thin and fine, and put it into such a thing as a clean blacking bottle, with a gill, or quarter of a pint, of spirits of turpentine; stir it well, and put it by till next day, and then stir it about well with a piece of stick; and let it stand for another day, and it will be quite fit for use, if the beeswax has been shred fine. Keep the stick in the bottle to take a little out with when you want to use it; as you must use only a very little at a time. It must on no account be melted over the fire, as it is so inflammable it would burst into a flame, and perhaps set fire to the house.

CUT GLASS should be rubbed with a damp sponge dipped in whiting, then brush this off with a clean brush, and wash the vessel in cold water.

TO MAKE HENS LAY.—Provide them a warm, light, dry place and not crowded. Give them easy access to clean water, and a variety of food, such as corn, corn and cob meal, into which are stirred a few scraps, with boiling water in cold weather, together with boiled potatoes, pounded oyster or clam shells, gravel, pounded dry bones and oats, barley or wheat, if convenient. But the corn, cob meal, potatoes and scraps are the chief items.—*N. E. Farmer.*

THE EDUCATION OF THE EYE.—We may not be called upon to hunt white foxes in the snow; or, like William Tell, to save our own life and our child's by splitting with an arrow an apple on its head; or to identify a stolen sheep by looking in its face and swearing to its portrait; but we must do every day many things essential to our welfare, which we would do a great deal better if we had an eye as trained as we readily might have. For example, it is not every man that can hit a nail upon the head, or drive it straight in with a hammer. Very few persons can draw a straight line, or cut a piece of cloth or paper even; still fewer can use a pencil as draughtsmen; and fewer still can paint with colors. Yet assuredly there is not a calling in which an educated eye, nice in distinguishing form, color, size, distance, and the like, will not be of inestimable service. For, although it is not to be denied that some eyes can be educated to a much greater extent than others, that can be no excuse for any one neglecting to educate his eye. The worse it is, the more it needs education; the better it is, the more it will repay it. —*The Five Gateways of Knowledge, by Professor G. Wilson.*

The Riddler.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY CINROS.

I am composed of 21 letters.
My 1, 6, 8, 19, is an American poetess.
My 2, 4, 2, 20, 19, 7, 16, was an Italian historian.
My 3, 6, 21, 2, was a Saracen poet.
My 4, 8, 18, 11, 16, 8, was an English novelist.
My 5, 16, 10, 6, 15, 20, 16, 7, was a Greek poet.
My 6, 7, 17, 2, 13, 11, was a Greek historian.
My 7, 6, 14, 4, 13, 8, was a Scotch poet.
My 8, 16, 3, 2, 20, was a Saracen caliph.
My 9, 17, 2, 19, 11, was a Greek poet.
My 10, 16, 9, was a distinguished Frenchman.
My 11, 19, 7, 21, 16, 15, was a Danish mathematician.
My 12, 16, 7, 19, 21, 2, 6, 16, was a Greek historian.
My 13, 20, 12, 3, 3, 19, 16, was an English poet.
My 14, 6, 7, 1, 6, 15, 9, was an Italian historian.
My 15, 19, 17, 7, 1, 4, was an American philanthropist
My 16, 6, 14, 16, 3, is an American poetess.
My 17, 16, 2, 20, was an English ecclesiastic.
My 18, 16, 11, 2, 15, 13, was an Italian historian.
My 19, 14, 13, 17, was a Saracen caliph.
My 20, 2, 16, 11, 2, 15, 4, was an American poetess.
My 21, 8, 19, 17, was an English poet.
My whole is an American poetess.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 22 letters.
My 1, 11, 4, 18, 3, 17, is a county in Ohio.
My 2, 18, 6, 17, 9, 12, 10, is a city in France.
My 3, 18, 9, 6, is a mountain in Europe.
My 4, 20, 6, 17, is a river in Africa.
My 5, 7, 18, 13, 17, 8, 11, 10, 12, 7, is a parish in Louisiana.
My 6, 2, 16, 15, 19, 20, 6, 10, 9, is one of the United States.
My 7, 18, 15, 7, is a lake in the United States.
My 8, 2, 11, 14, 7, is a county in Kentucky.
My 9, 6, 6, 17, 12, is a county in Ohio.
My 10, 2, 5, 6, is a county in Illinois
My 11, 4, 3, 9, 12, 20, 11, is a lake in North America.
My 12, 7, 6, 19, 11, 14, is a county in Virginia.
My 13, 4, 15, 11, 14, is a parish in Louisiana.
My 14, 9, 10, 21, 7, 19, is a city in France.
My 15, 10, 6, 9, is an island west of Scotland.
My 16, 20, 7, 4, 11, 9, is a city in Austria.
My 17, 5, 10, 9, is a mountain in Europe.
My 18, 2, 9, 14, is a mountain in North America.
My 19, 9, 6, 6, 17, is a cape south of Florida.
My 20, 6, 6, 15, 4, 11, 20, 19, is one of the United States
My 21, 9, 6, 8, 13, 21, is a county in Maryland.
My 22, 9, 2, 17, 10, is a county in New York
My whole is an institution of learning in north Louisiana.
Monroe, Louisiana. ROBERT M. ALLEN.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 19 letters.
My 3, 19, 1, 5, 19, 8, 5, and 18, 17, 1, 12, 13, were twin brothers.
My 6, 2, 1, 19, 13, was an island in the Ægean Sea.
My 2, 4, 7, 5, is a book of the New Testament
My 7, 17, 2, 3, is what is often seen in deep addiction.
My 7, 15, 17, is that for which string is usually used.
My 7, 2, 18, is a name applied to sailors.
My 11, 2, 7, is a small domestic and wild animal.
My 1, 11, 7, 7, is strictly devoted to female use.
My 7, 2, 2, 15, 9, means to draw along.
My 7, 19, 16, 19, 12, 2, is distinguished for a battle fought there in 1212, between the Christians and Moors.
My whole was a noted Roman orator and statesman.
GARNEW.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a kind of wine;
My second is a personal pronoun;
My third is an abbreviation of a measure;
My whole is a country in Europe.
East Shelby. HECTOR.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

On going out to take a stroll,
My first, no doubt, you've often seen;
Or down the bank you take a roll,
You'll find the same in meadow green.

My next, a substance, you will see,
Much used by builders in their employment;
To obtain my first you will agree,
My whole is used as an allurement.
CINROS.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a kind of grain well known;
My second is made of brick or stone;
My third is called a neuter verb;
My whole is a General you've oft heard.
Hornby, Steuben Co., N. Y. MYRON.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Four men purchased a tract of land in company, lying in the form of a scaline triangle; two sides of which measure the one 130 rods, and the other 150 rods; and if a perpendicular be let fall from the angle included between the given sides, on the third side, it will divide the tract into two triangles, whose areas will differ by fifteen acres. They paid $18 per acre for the whole tract. It was divided among them in the following manner: A got the largest circle that could be inscribed in the triangle. B got the part contained between the circle and the greatest angle. C got the part contained between the circle and the last angle, and D got the remainder. On account of difference in the quality of their land, B paid $1,25 more per acre for his part than D did for his; C paid $1 more per acre for his part than B did for his, and A paid $1.75 more per acre for his part than C did for his. Now the question is, how much did each pay for his share of the tract?
Franklin. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is a widower, going to be married, like Eau de Cologne? Ans.—Because he is re-wiving.

☞ When is the morning like a king? Ans.—When it is raining (reigning).

☞ Why is it better for a man to have two loaves than one? Ans.—Because the first is a loss, the second is a-gain.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—William [illegible] Johnson. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—The Flushing Institute, Michigan. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—The surrender of Cornwallis, at Yorktown. ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.—Madam. CHARADE.—Bayonet. CHARADE.—Night-cap. ANAGRAM.—Slate. GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.—3.3168 rods.

A LITTLE BOY'S PRAYER.—A little boy, after saying nightly the prayers which had been taught him, was quite tenacious of what he called praying in his own way. He had a large number of brothers and sisters, whose needs and peculiarities he sometimes made the subject of his petitions. On one occasion, at commencing his exercise, he was overcome with sleep. Wrestling with his stupor, he said:

"Oh, Lord, bless Elizabeth, and make her better than she is."

His head fell back upon the pillow, but soon rousing, he murmured, drowsily, "Bless Henry, too." It was in vain; the tongue refused its office—so he added, indistinctly:

"Oh, Lord, I can't; there are too many of 'em," and he sank into the deep slumber of childhood.

At another time, while conducting this exercise in a somewhat more wakeful manner, he said:

"Lord, please to bless father, and give him a new heart. Be so kind as to bless Mary, my little sister, and give her a new heart. Oh, Lord, bless mother—but you needn't give her a new heart, for she could not have a better one than she's got and I don't see how she'd go to work to be any better woman than she is now."

☞ The Soul is a prisoner that always kills jailer when it makes its escape.